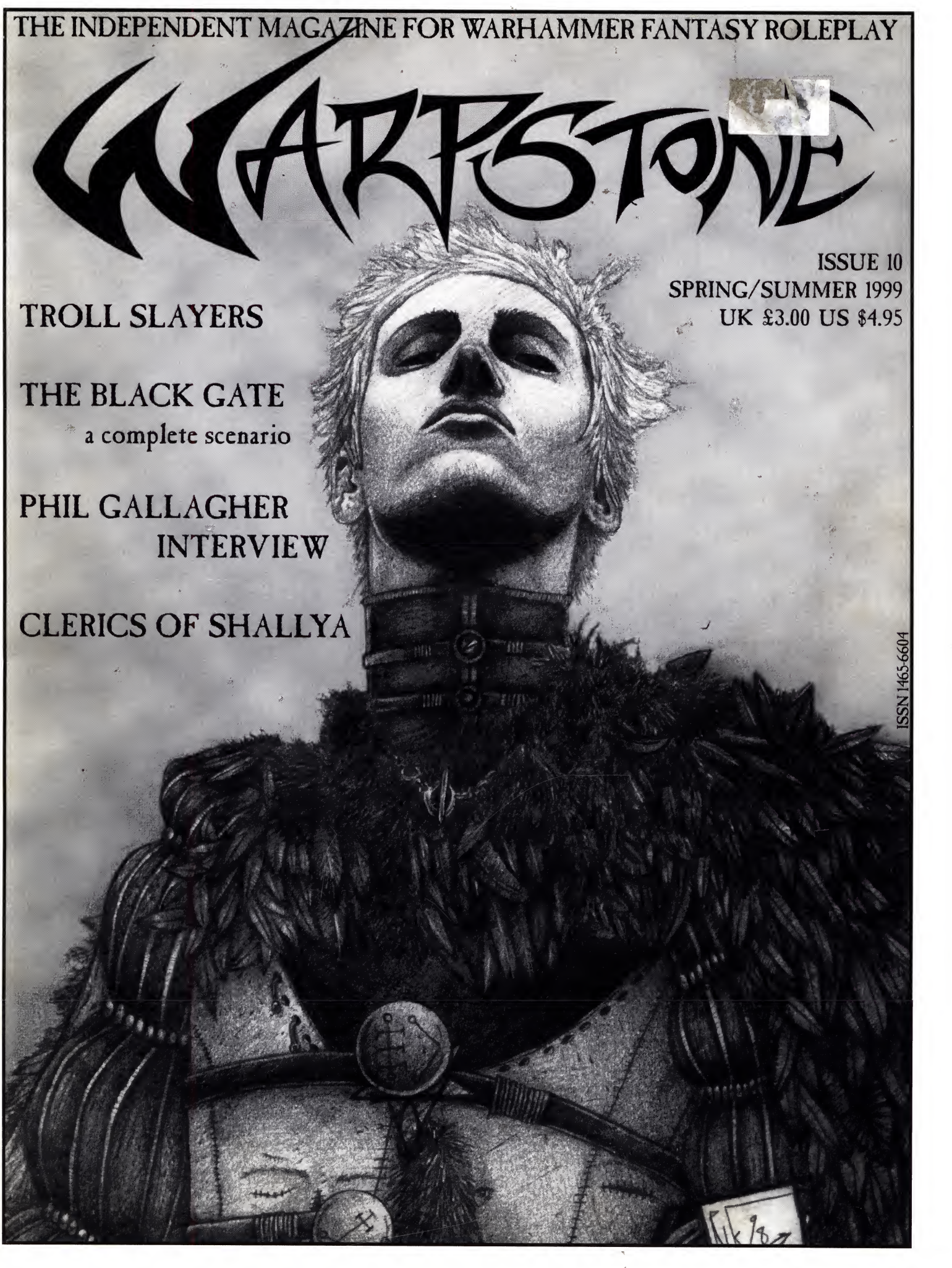


THE INDEPENDENT MAGAZINE FOR WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY

WARPS



ISSUE 10

SPRING/SUMMER 1999

UK £3.00 US \$4.95

TROLL SLAYERS

THE BLACK GATE
a complete scenario

PHIL GALLAGHER
INTERVIEW

CLERICS OF SHALLYA

ISSN 1463-6604

File 9/07

EDITORIAL

by John Foody

Welcome to Issue 10 (double figures at last – Wahay!! At the very least, reaching this milestone will be a (hopefully pleasant) surprise to some readers). Some of you may notice our new size, but I'll come to the reasons for that later. There has been some delay in getting this issue out, mostly due to various upheavals in the editors' personal lives. However, we're firmly back on track now.

We have had a couple of good, interesting reviews of Warpstone recently (*Carnel & Imazine*, details on page 5). Both have raised points that I'd like to deal with here briefly. Ashley Southcott, writing in *Imazine*, stated "I'm not entirely convinced that Warpstone's scenarios are meant to be played rather than read." Although I can only speak for my own scenarios, all have been play-tested by my own group and the worst of the kinks ironed out. So although I can be accused of waffling too much or not putting the right points across, the scenarios are certainly playable and Warpstone would never print a scenario that we didn't think was.

Ashley also said, "...it has thus far said little about 'the big picture': the overarching political events that shape the Old World. Perhaps this is because they are dictated by GW, and Warpstone doesn't want to deviate too much from the 'official' game world." We have shied away from commenting on the overall picture of the Old World, and indeed we have limited ourselves largely to *The Empire* and *Marienburg*. Mainly, this is because my own, and the majority of players, have their campaigns located here. Also, even within *The Empire*, everyone has their own version of what is going on. Therefore, we felt that such articles may only appeal to a limited audience.

However, we do not censor anyone who wishes to write such background pieces. In fact we have a couple on the way. It must be said that we do try and keep much of our articles within the outlines laid down by the "official" background. Thus, our logic says, if your campaign is different from this, at least you know where we are coming from. However, this is not a hard and fast rule: as always, if something's good it will get in.

Meanwhile, The Man and his Moose review in *Carnel* commented that Warpstone's letter page was of "paltry size [which] prevents any real discussion of either the zine or the game". This is an area where we know we have not met our own goal. Part of the ethos behind Warpstone was that it would provide a forum for all things WFRP to be discussed. We have had plenty of thought provoking articles and letters in our issues but the feedback on them has been generally poor. Our survey results, published last issue, told us you like the articles but we don't believe that everyone agrees with everything that is said.

Finally, on to our big news. Warpstone's distribution is now handled by Hogshead Publishing who will bring the magazine to game shops worldwide. Therefore, many of you will be reading Warpstone for the first time (we hope anyway!), so welcome. This deal accounts for our new size, and in some cases, cheaper price. The downside is that we will now only publish three times a year (March, July and November). We have dropped from four times a year so we can guarantee meeting all our deadlines. More important, however, is to reassure readers that Warpstone remains completely independent editorially. Games Workshop or Hogshead do not have a say in the magazine and thus all material is unofficial.

For those of you new to Warpstone, I'll briefly mention what we're about. Warpstone is dedicated solely to Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay (although we do cover some general gaming topics) and it tries to build on its greatest strength, the background of *The Old World*. We are not interested in publishing pages of new rules, careers and skills but instead in developing and expanding the campaign world. Of course there is room for new careers and the like, but these are placed firmly in context of the background. Warpstone also looks to keep you informed of the latest Warhammer and gaming news, as well as reviewing all relevant material critically and honestly. Simply then, Warpstone tries to be a place where the best in WFRP writing and opinions can be brought together. Warpstone is not an exclusive club, and we welcome submissions from everyone.

That's my rambling bit over; so on with the show. I hope you enjoy this latest issue. There are some really great pieces in here, including excellent background for the Clerics of Shallya and an interview with Phil Gallagher. Both of these have at least one contentious point - as always let us know what you think.

Peter Moore

Just before we went to press we heard the sad news that Peter Moore had died of a sudden heart attack. Peter was the creator of the Almanac supplied with Hogshead's GM screen, and the author of the Executioner career class in Warpstone 6 and of a forthcoming article. A dedicated and enthusiastic gamer, Peter was an early supporter of Warpstone, selling it in Patrick's Toys, the shop he worked, even though it sold no other role play material. Simply however, although I met him only a few times, he was a nice guy and it is obvious he will be missed by all who knew him. We offer our condolences to his family and friends.

Warpstone issue 10 is dedicated to Peter.

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Thanks to:

Tim Eccles, Robert Clark, Tom McGrenery, Phil Gallagher, Stephen Passey, Anthony Dawber, Alfred Nunez, John Clare, Paul Slevin, Bob Goodenough, Ashley Southcott, Robert Rees, Leisure Games, Orc's Nest, Harrow Model Shop & James Wallis.

SUBMISSIONS

Version 1.4 – March 1999

Warpstone is happy to receive submissions of both written work and art. We will *always* respond to all submissions, even if they are not suitable for publication. If you send a submission and don't hear back from us in good time, please drop us a line to remind us. Failure to reply is simply a symptom of the chaotic nature of the Warpstone organisation. If you take the time with a submission, we will take the time to respond.

Payment

A published contribution earns you a free copy of Warpstone.

How?

We are happy to receive submissions by post or e-mail. Articles should in RTF (Rich Text Format) or MS Word format. Disks should be 3.5", formatted for PC and marked with your name and article names. For art please do not send the originals. Please inform us if your article is available elsewhere, including the 'net.

Art Submissions

We are always looking for artists. You must have an understanding of the "Warhammer style" (which covers a broad range of styles, as our current artists will testify!), but we are happy to look at all kinds of work, whether your speciality is maps, caricatures, portraits or anything else. Just send us a picture you think should be included in Warpstone, and some examples of any other work you have done. Remember to send only copies.

Article Submissions

Warpstone tries not to include articles that rewrite game rules or are in themselves rules-heavy. In the same vein we are not looking for new monsters, careers, skills, gods etc. That said, if you have something good send it in. We are looking for articles that expand of world of Warhammer, filling in the gaps that are present. We also look at how the game is played, discussing issues relevant to all gamers.

If you have an article but you're not sure whether it's suitable, drop us an outline. We will tell you if we are interested in seeing it developed. If you could include a sample of some other work you've completed at the same time, this would be useful.

Regular Articles

Reviews: We will review WFRP material. If you wish to write a review on any other release (WFB etc.) then please check with us first to make sure no-one else is writing it. Should be 600+ words.

Comment Articles: Articles where you put across your point of view on a particular subject.

Cameos: Brief encounters and adventure outlines. Don't include character profiles.

Scenarios: Full length, more detailed adventures. We are especially interested in scenarios that do not include hosts of creatures, lots of magic or loads of Chaos cultists. When these are included, they should be an integral part of the story. A tribe of goblins with +1 swords all round will prove the adage 'the editor's red pen is mightier than the sword.

Short stories: Set firmly in the Warhammer World. Same guidelines as Scenarios.

The Article List

If there is an article you would like to see developed but don't want to write it then please let us know. We'll add it to our list. Similarly, if you see something on the list you'd like to write, tell us. We'll check that no-one else has asked to do it, and we will remove it from the list in future issues.

This time we're looking for articles expanding on the various points raised by the "Foundation & Faith" article on page 12 of this issue. Also we are looking for shorter articles (500 - 1500 words) on any WFRP or other gaming subject.

ETC.

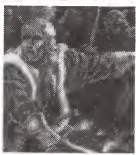
The thick mist twisted evilly through the streets of Altdorf, strangling any thoughts of venturing outside. The return from Marienburg had taken longer than anticipated but the dark deal had been struck. It has to be said it was not just dark as in the moments after the candle in blown out, but really dark, like putting your helmet on backwards in a deep, dark cave where the candle had just been blown out. That dark! The five travellers had survived the rigours of the Gathering of Stumies and the General Convocation of Strange Fellows. Here they were, the latest tome firmly in their grimy hands. But something was waiting for them; they could feel its evil presence close by, like a.... presence close by that was.... erm.... evil. It was close, its insidious tentacles massaging the five's fear until in terror they stopped and waited for it to come. Back to back, swords drawn, muttering prayers to whoever would listen, no-one even noticed the smallest whistling, *I'm a little Halfling, short and stout*. "What th...!!? Arrrrh!" Thump! Then there was only four. The Physician, oft named Boot had gone, leaving behind a smoking pair of his namesakes. Before they could gulp, there was three. The exciseman was no more and the smell of terror was tangible. Slowly, they circled until they noticed that the circle was a little bit smaller. A third smaller. They ran. Something giggled.

REPORTS FROM THE HEART OF CORRUPTION

Reviews

2

In-depth thoughts on the latest Warhammer products. This month, *Power Behind the Throne* and *Dogs of War*. "Tilea has never been well-defined in either WFB or WFRP, but there was still the possibility of messing it up."



Warpstone Fragments

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News and Brief Reviews. Hogshead News, some GW releases and a look at Baron Munchausen and various other interesting bits.



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In the Beginning. The first of Tim Eccles' regular column looks at the need for a creation myth in WFRP. Write and give us your view on this subject. "The world is disintegrating via a sort of cascade effect, which leads to ever more gods"



The Warpstone Interview

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We talk to original WFRP author and current Games Workshop Company Secretary Phil Gallagher. "Is role playing a hobby then? Not if all you do is role-play your character."



The Passing of Time

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The Seasons in WFRP. "They provide a simple way to add atmosphere to the game and to give campaigns an overall structure"



Foundation and Faith

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Everyday beliefs in The Old World. "Players tend to forget they are playing characters with a mixture of archaic, medieval and early renaissance beliefs."



The Alternative Troll Slayer

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Thoughts and ideas on the orange-haired ones. "Becoming a Troll Slayer is the worst thing a Dwarf can do."



Child of Praag

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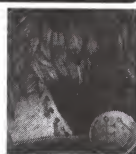
Short Fiction. "Away from the slums, away from the nightmares at the walls."



The Rumour Mill

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The Low-Down from Games Day. "Weeks later, I've managed to glean a few details from this collection of heretical scrawlings..."



The Black Gate

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A complete Scenario set in Middenheim. "On the verge of tears, she says that her father has gone missing."



The Clerics of Shallya

33

All you need to know about Shallya's servants. "They are both useful PC healers (sorry, 'allies'!) and a necessary and important part of the Old World cultural milieu."



The Forum

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The latest letters. "What greater uncertainty than to encounter two factions of the same stalwart race who are totally unreconcilable, and be practically forced to choose sides?"



ABBREVIATIONS

A	Number of Attacks	ES	Effective Strength	Ld	Leadership	SMB	Strike mighty blow
AP	Armour Points	Fel	Fellowship	M	Movement	SS	Secret Signs
BS	Ballistic Skill	GC	Gold Crown	MP	Magic Points	SW	Specialist Weapons
CI	Cool	GM	Gamesmaster	NPC	Non-player character	T	Toughness
CR	Complexity Rating	Gu	Guilder (Marienburg Coinage)	P	Parry	W	Wounds
D	Damage	GW	Games Workshop	PC	Player Character	WFB	Warhammer Fantasy Battle
DB	Dodge Blow	I	Initiative	R	Range	WFRP	Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay
Dex	Dexterity	IC	Imperial Calendar	S	Strength	WP	Will Power
EPs	Experience Points	Int	Intelligence	SL	Secret Language	WS	Weapon Skill

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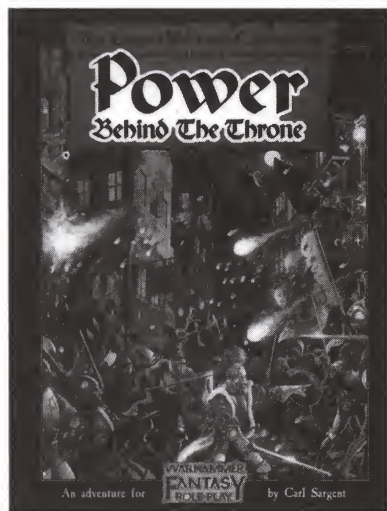
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REVIEWS

Power Behind the Throne

Published by Hogshead Publishing

Reviewed by John Foody



Hogshead's latest re-release is the much discussed and lauded *Power Behind the Throne*. However, this edition is not a straight reprint as it includes a new introductory scenario. Forming the third part of the *Enemy Within* campaign, *Power Behind the Throne* is seen by many as one of the best ever roleplaying scenarios. However, WFRP players often tend to rank it below *Shadows Over Bofenhagan* and *Death on the Reik*. In part this is because the scenario may be excellent

in theory, but in practice can be difficult both to run and play. Indeed, even its greatest supporters agree that GMs need to be experienced before attempting to run it. The scenario, based in Middenheim, is a firmly city-based adventure, and the Sourcebook *City of Chaos* (reviewed last issue) grew from notes made by writer Carl Sargent during his development of *Power Behind the Throne*. The book, at 114 pages, is of Hogshead's usual high standard of production, although the front picture is somewhat misleading both about the nature of the scenario and, to some extent, WFRP. However, the original cover picture was not that good either and, as now, the internal art is variable.

Power Behind the Throne takes place some time after *Death on the Reik*. Indeed a much raised criticism is that there was little to connect the two scenarios. However, in this revised edition Hogshead have tried to address the issue by including the new fourteen page scenario, *Carrion up the Reik*. This has been written by James Wallis and illustrated by Russ Nicholson, who was responsible for the best of the illustrations in the original release. Apart from the superb title, Hogshead promised that *Carrion up the Reik* would provide the "missing link" while keeping the essence of *The Enemy Within* campaign. It succeeds in this, particularly with regard to setting up plots for the promised re-write of *Empire in Flames*, while linking to earlier scenarios. Although little more than a small series of encounters, the roleplaying aspects of the scenario are strong, as is the atmosphere. Certainly *Carrion up the Reik* is firmly within the spirit of the *Enemy Within* and, indeed, makes no sense outside the campaign.

Don't forget to look out for the NPC Ruari Roddy, who is appearing as himself. At a recent Gaelcon Ruari placed the highest bid for a Hogshead donated prize: The chance to appear as yourself in a Warhammer scenario.

Carrion up the Reik brings the PCs to Middenheim and runs smoothly into *Power Behind the Throne*. They arrive in the city at the onset of carnival week, a week-long celebration famous across the Empire. However, all is not well: new taxes are alienating whole (and influential) sections of the population, placing the city itself in grave danger. A plot is slowly revealed to the characters, mostly

through their own actions. The PCs are required to interact with everyone, from the city's great-and-good to the criminal scum. Events unfold with ever-increasing speed and, should they delay, the plot continues without them. All these plots lead back to an old enemy and an interesting and powerful villain. The climax to the adventure is dramatic indeed, although it may be overly structured for some tastes. However, most players are unlikely to notice this in the excitement.

It is in the treatment of NPCs where it comes into its own. These are essential to the whole scenario and a lot of space is given to their development. This is done well and they, with the exception of one or two, are interesting and colourful. One in particular may be seen as a little too obvious and over the top but I'm sure many GMs will play him with gusto. As with all the previous *Enemy Within* books, there is a good deal of guidance and advice for GMs. However, there could be more, especially in advice on likely player actions. Inexperienced GMs, or those who have players who are not used to taking the initiative, may well struggle. There are few trigger events to push the PCs or the plot along. The GM is required to be fully confident with the adventure, especially the motivations and goals of the numerous NPCs, juggling them all as PCs criss-cross the city from one meeting to another. There is a danger that those who are ill-prepared may end up umming and ahing far too much for comfort. The biggest problem with the adventure is that there is no obvious entry point, especially if players are particularly mercenary in their outlook. GMs would be advised to have a firm idea of how to guide the PCs towards the action should they be lacking ideas.

At the rear of the book there is a selection of cut-out character cards which detail what the important NPCs are doing at set times during the scenario's timeline. Personally this seems a little pointless, and the amount of pages used on this is a little wasteful. Such information could have been summarised far more usefully and efficiently elsewhere. Another summary chart, The Master Attractions Table, manages this very well. The few player handouts serve their purpose without any thrills.

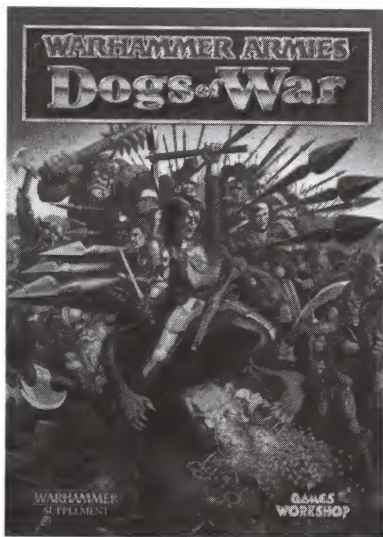
There is absolutely no description of the consequences if the PCs should fail in their quest. This is an important omission. The price of failure should always be detailed as its possibility looms. This is a common problem running throughout the entire *Enemy Within* campaign: it is assumed that everything will work out OK. However, this is the grim world WFRP, and things forever go wrong. When they do, failure has a price – and one that should dramatically effect the future parts of the *Enemy Within* campaign and the Empire.

Overall, *Power Behind the Throne* is an excellent adventure, but is not the best scenario that the *Enemy Within* has to offer. However, I endorse much of what has been said by others before: only experienced players and GMs are going to get to get through without too much difficulty. If the scenario is to be run as it stands, I would recommend tackling it in one long session in order to keep the momentum. It is atmospheric, and I would say the best example I have seen of what a city based scenario should be. It makes a worthy addition to the *Enemy Within* Campaign, especially with the inclusion of the *Carrion up the Reik* scenario. However, if you already own *Power Behind the Throne* this isn't enough to justify purchasing this expanded edition. Also, if you intend to play the whole *Enemy Within* campaign in the future, I would recommend waiting for the re-release of the revised *Empire in Flames* (under the title *Empire in Chaos*) before launching into this section. From here on in, there's no turning back...

Warhammer Armies: Dogs of War

Published by Games Workshop

Reviewed by Robert Clark



When I first considered writing this review, a few months after *Dogs of War* was confirmed for release, I had visions of doom. I could see myself writing things like, 'has no use for WFRP', and not even bothering to suggest ways that the book could be used, given that so much of the Warhammer world had been changed. Eager to find the truth, I ordered my copy and held my breath. For at least a minute. Two weeks later the book arrived. I was in for a shock.

Just to set the scene, *Dogs of War* is an expansion

of the Warhammer Armies books, offering a number of mercenary regiments in order to introduce a new dimension to the game. There are fifteen in all, ranging from the legendary 'Golgfag's Mercenary Regiment of Ogres' (who originally appeared way back in the original Warhammer Fantasy Battle - Now that's continuity) to 'Long Drong Slayer's Pirates', with a lot of Tileans in between. A lot of Tileans. As expected, the book has a Tilean theme, meaning that most of the mercenary regiments and nearly all the background concentrates on Tilea. I'll come to this later, but first the regiments.

Despite their WFB origins, each regiment provides a bite-size piece of Warhammer background that can fit seamlessly with your WFRP campaign. Most of them are (in)famous throughout the Old World, which can be used as a plot device. Perhaps the PCs are trying to hire a band of mercenaries for one reason or another, or even trying to enlist? Each group is distinctive, and most of them are human to boot. Each is a joy to read, and full of GW humour ranging from bad to even worse. The writers have clearly put some effort into design, with each unit having an individual imagery and background. I'm sure an inventive GM could put at least one of these to good use. One surprising aspect of this is that most mercenaries will work for any army, including the forces of Chaos and the Goblinoids. This suggests that the Warhammer world is not so hate-fuelled as was once believed, which can only open the doors for more monster race interaction in WFRP.

Disregarding the rules (of which there are few), we come to the background section, of which there is a good 30-odd pages. Words defy how much of a relief this was when I saw it. This is probably the best piece of writing GW have done in the last five years. Tilea has never been well-defined in either WFB or WFRP, but there was still the possibility of messing it up. Thankfully the authours Messrs Nigel Stillman, Rick Priestley and Toumas Pirinen have pulled this one right out of the top drawer. Tilea owes much to renaissance Italy, as you might expect, but it is done in an appealing rather than obvious way, with the people of Tilea retaining an individual character of their own. It is clear why Tilea was chosen for *Dogs of War*, when you consider all the mercenary antics that take place between the city states and their ruling merchant princes. Indeed Tilea doesn't even bother with an army, instead employing the numerous regiments as and when needed.

Regarding background clashes, there are very, very few, and none of immediate import unless you have a burning desire to introduce your PCs to Hrothyogg the Ogre. (The fact that very few people will know what I am talking about proves my point!) Each of the city states is added to and enhanced rather than rebuilt from the ground-up. Indeed Nigel Stillman has previously raised the point that the WFRP text waxed lyrical about fishing and not much else. I can see his point, and I have no problems when he clearly does not contradict anything, or rewrites the whole mythos as he did with Bretonnia and the Lizardmen.

The new background is very good, and I am glad to report that there are no pretensions to 'Ancient Remas', though hints of Rome do crop up from time to time, they certainly do not cause any harm. The timeline is creative, managing to stick with the IC 1000 'Birth of the Old World nations' line whilst suggesting that the Tileans are a rather civilised people. Unlike Realm of Chaos, the timeline is much more than a list of battles, and I believe it will add to WFRP rather than detract from it.

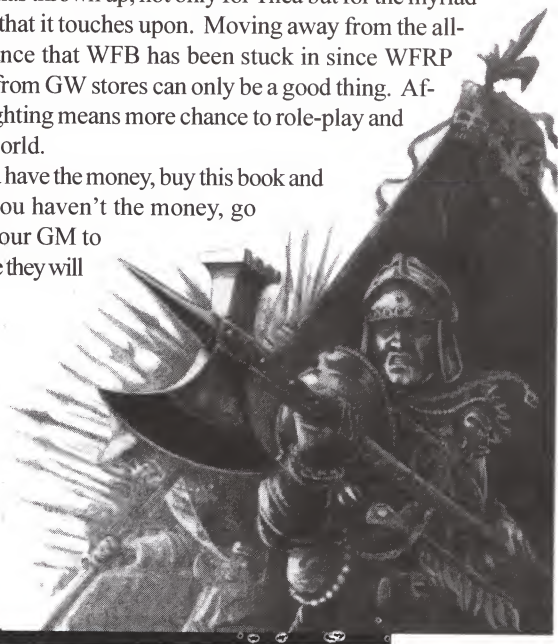
Throughout the book it is almost as though the last few years of WFB had never happened, that a copy of WFRP (or at least the original background) sits on the desk of the writers, and that GW humour has at long last been rediscovered! This book is chock full of the stuff, one of my favourites being a brilliant story about Golgfag's Ogres which I won't tell to avoid spoiling the punchline. Perhaps those favouring the 'Grim World' aspect of WFRP will balk at much of this flippancy, but it has been around since day one and without it Warhammer just wouldn't be Warhammer. Some of the puns are so bad you just want to show people, especially if you don't pick them up first time around.

By far the most promising things are yet to come. Not only is the Winter's Teeth Pass from the *Doomstones* campaign given a mention, but so to is the road that links the Old World with Cathay. The world is once more open for business! Also, the Hobgobla Khan and his minions are back in print once again. The intention is to follow this book with more of the same: more mercenary regiments, more background and lots more GW humour.

The onus once again is on the players to write in saying what they want, which is an invitation I'm sure none of you will refuse. I suspect this is how they intend to shape the Warhammer world from now on, testing the water so to speak with new regiments. As with Tilea, WFB seems to have come out of the Dark Ages and into the Renaissance, and hopefully it will stay there.

No doubt Hogshead will have a field day with the potential that *Dogs of War* has thrown up, not only for Tilea but for the myriad other realms that it touches upon. Moving away from the all-out battle stance that WFB has been stuck in since WFRP disappeared from GW stores can only be a good thing. After all, less fighting means more chance to role-play and explore the world.

If you have the money, buy this book and be glad. If you haven't the money, go and badger your GM to buy it; I'm sure they will comply.



WARPSTONE FRAGMENTS

BRIEF REVIEWS AND NEWS FROM THE WORLD OF WARHAMMER

Hogshead Publishing

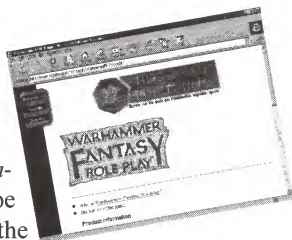


The change of address that Hogshead announced last month is a result of their move to new offices. They now share premises with Profantasy Software, publishers of *Campaign Cartographer*. Both companies have announced that they hope to learn from each other, especially in relation to the American market (WFRP's biggest market).

On the WFRP front, Hogshead is now in the enviable position of having four completed manuscripts ready for editing (*Marienburg: Sold Down the River*, *Doomstones 3: Heart of Chaos*, the Skaven sourcebook and *Apocrypha 2: Chants of Darkness*). According to rumours the second draft of *Realm of Sorcery* will shortly be added to that number, but right now the company is pouring all its efforts into *Marienburg*. Scheduled for an April release, it'll be 160 pages long and contains a poster-map, retailing for US\$19.95 – that's about UK£13.95. *Something Rotten in Kislev* is due out soon after to make room for a big summer release. Hogshead aren't saying "Realm of Sorcery" yet but it's clear that's what they're hoping. They're also reprinting *Apocrypha Now*, *Doomstones 1*, *Doomstones 2* and the *GM Screen*.

Now up and running is the Hogshead website, which gives product information on all their games, not to mention including some free downloads which will be of interest for WFRP players. (www.hogshead.demon.co.uk)

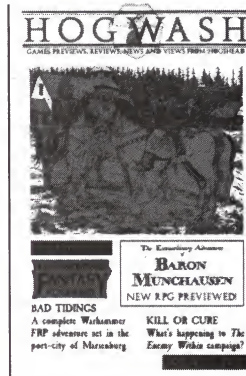
Hogshead are also negotiating busily for other RPGs, including a translation of a French game and - whisper this - something based on a Games Workshop game. It's not Warhammer 40,000, and that's all they're prepared to say at the moment. And following the success of *The Extraordinary Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, they're planning not one but two follow-up games in a similar format. *Munchausen* will also shortly be appearing in Italian, German and French.



Hogwash

Hogshead have just published issue 4 of their (nearly) annual newsletter/fanzine Hogwash. An A5 16 page booklet it manages to fit plenty in. There is an entertaining introduction to the *Baron Munchausen* game but most of it is dedicated to WFRP. The forthcoming *Marienburg* sourcebook is the dominating theme, with a preview of the cover art and an introductory scenario. Entitled 'Bad Tidings' and penned by James Wallis it is straight forward, but also very atmospheric and fun. Not sure about the main villain however....

Finally, the remaining volumes in the *Enemy Within* campaign are discussed. This is mostly concerned with *Empire in Flames* and the proposed rewrite. Best of all, Hogwash is free. For your copy, write to Hogshead, 18-20 Bromell's Road, London, SW4 0BG or enquiry@hogshead.demon.co.uk



New Address

Warpstone has a new address. See inside front cover for details.

The Extraordinary Adventures of Baron Munchausen

Reviewed by Marquis Tom McGrenery, Duke of Arlesey

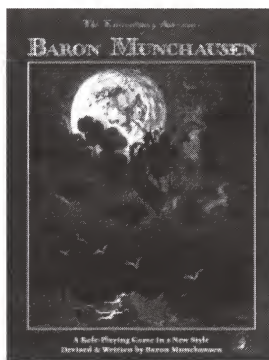
Hogshead has done well to unearth this veritable gem of an antique – a role-playing game written by none other than Baron Munchausen himself! Though the greater share of the glory must, as always, go to this esteemed nobleman a curt nod of the head wouldn't be amiss in the direction of Messrs James Wallis, Derek Pearcy and Michael Cule.

This is a role-playing game like no other, for it requires no GM, has a character generation system which the authors encourage you to ignore and not one but two combat systems (to wit – "Duelling" and "Duelling for Cowards"). It also recommends the use of fine wines which I heartily encourage.

Each person is asked to tell a story (such as "Tell us Baron, the story of why every blacksmith in London owes you three guineas"). The object of the game is to recount the most wonderful story of all those present, thus winning the esteem of your fellow aristocrats (much as I myself won the Duchy of Monaco in such an endeavour three years ago, although I gave it back). Wagers ("I'll wager Baron, that the elephant was no more afraid of your plumed hat than I of a Frenchman") or objections ("But Baron, there are no roast chestnut sellers permitted on that highway by an ancient ordinance") may both disrupt and enliven the game.

At the finish, whomsoever is declared the finest storyteller purchases a round of drinks, accompanied by some well deserved choruses of "Huzzah!"

The Extraordinary Adventures of Baron Munchausen is a brilliant concept, backed up with elegant rules, prose and art. It's cheap too (£3.95/\$4.99). I can't recommend highly enough. Buy this game.



Space Marines Cure Cancer!

Although Games Workshop have nearly 200 High Street shops in the UK, they still seem to be unknown to the general populace. Occasionally, however something pops its head up. In the 26th July edition of the Guardian newspaper, Peter Silverton had a surface look at the hobby. It was a fairly balanced article although he does claim Ian Livingstone invented fantasy games. It also covers the fact that GW customers are getting younger ("...it's my crèche," claimed one mother; and a hobby to be discovered between Teletubbies and Girls, claims the author) and that they are struggling with profits due to the strong pound.

Far more bizarre was the appearance of 40K on the Channel 4 news. During a piece on why children should not be so clean (as it weakens their natural immunity to disease), the presenter announced that the fact could be illustrated with the latest craze of young boys. This was 40K with Space Marines and Imperial Guard representing the body's defences and their enemies representing the bacteria trying to defeat them. Very Odd!

Let us know of any more Warhammer sightings.

Noble Films

A couple of new films on current release in the UK are perfect inspiration for WFRP plots, especially those involving the nobility. The best of the pair is the excellent **Elizabeth**, directed by Shekhar Kapur and starring Cate Blanchett, Richard Attenborough and Geoffrey Rush. Set at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign it concerns the various plotting and conspiracies that take place against a background of religious struggle. Historically, Elizabeth is not accurate, dates and characters being thoroughly mixed around but it captures the feel of the period perfectly. Unlike many period films the look of the locations and costumes feels authentic, and the whole feel is dark. Such atmosphere and plot is perfect inspiration for WFRP, Walsingham, Norfolk and Elizabeth would all make fine NPCs, and I recommend it highly.

Lighter in execution, and later in period, but very still entertaining is the Daniel Auteuil starrer **Le Bossu**. A French swashbuckler, directed by Phillipe de Broca it follows the fortune of Lagardère a swordsman for hire. After gaining the trust of Duc de Nevers, he is left holding the baby after the Duc's wedding ends in a massacre. He sets about to avenge the Duc and restore the rightful Nevers heir. Some of the cinematography is excellent and Auteuil makes a good-WFRP style adventurer as opposed to the clean cut type. The film is soured slightly by a somewhat dubious undertone but for WFRP it again gives ideas for Noble based scenarios and plots.



Tales of Two Cities

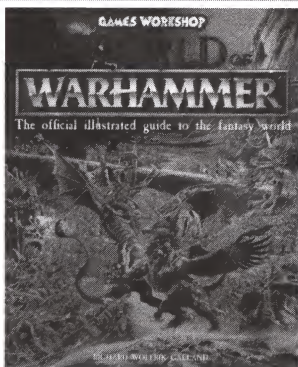
"Welcome, good folk! Welcome to **Bergsburg!** Blessed city of Shallya, golden treasure of the Hochlands, and home to our dear Baroness! Perhaps you could use a guide? For a few mere shillings...."

And so begins an adventure involving a fledgling project on the internet. Back in early 1998, I put up an idea to the members of the WFRP mailing list which met with a strong positive response – developing a city which could "belong" to anyone who played the game. A "council" was formed of five volunteers to run the project, develop their counterparts in the city's government, and review submissions. Any member of the list could submit an idea, NPC, location, etc. which could then be reviewed, revised, and then placed within the city to help it grow. Anyone on the net could go to the Warhammer archives and use all the city's material in their own campaigns.

The city chosen was Bergsburg. It was chosen for several reasons: location (on the road between Middenheim and Talabheim), location(adventures possibilities galore between the Drakwald and the Middle Mountains), and locations (undeveloped by GW and Hogshead). The basic foundations of the project present Bergsburg as a walled river city with a "trade town" located to its west. At its northern end is a holy temple to Shallya surrounding the blessed falls

World of Warhammer

Carlton books released this coffee table style book just before Christmas. It is 192 pages thick and filled with loads of illustrations and maps. It contains information on each of the Warhammer races as taken from the various army books without ever bringing in game rules or statistics. It looks pretty impressive and we will be reviewing it in full next issue.



Warhammer Siege

The new Warhammer Siege has just been released, and is essentially a very cut-down version of the original. Of interest to WFRP players are the descriptions of the different styles of fortress for each of the different races, including mentions of Tilea, Norsca and Cathay from the *Dogs of War* book. The "High Fantasy" aspect pervades though in the text, but will provide some ideas for the thought-starved. (Robert Clark)

known as Shallya's Falls. The Council of Five runs the day to day affairs of the city and local mystery surrounds each of these well known personages. Perhaps some unwritten submission yet to come will detail these mysteries?

Getting the project off the ground was much more difficult than the Council had imagined. Basic backgrounds, population size (much bigger than "official" material), mapping, and layout had to be set. Submission guidelines had to be written to keep some uniformity to the process and to guarantee each author's credit and intentions. Each of the councilors were assigned a different category of submission to review and edit.

Unfortunately, the "real world" came crashing down on several of the Council during the summer months and much of the work virtually stopped. We are now actively seeking submissions for Bergsburg. If you are on the net, visit the archives (www.warhammer.net), read the guidelines, and email us at Council@warhammer.net. Send us your comments, ideas, and submissions and become a part of Bergsburg!

"Ahh, a little rest you are seeking? Follow me my friends to the finest inn in Bergsburg and I will show you the sights along the way!" (Bob Goodenough)

Warpstone is currently working on fully developing the Empire's 'fourth city' of **Talabheim**. Part One should appear in issue 11 or 12 and the series will run for a good few more after that.

Games Magazines

The Power

Has finally gone bust. Last issue claimed to be the Ultimate Games Magazine, concentrating almost exclusively on computer games. It began life heavily focused on RPG's but ended up dropping them completely. Just the latest RPG magazine that has failed to work.

Valkyrie

Issue 17 is out now (£3.00 from all good games shops). It appears that Valkyrie has decided to take a new approach to the interior look of the magazine. It contains more comment articles and non-generic articles than ever before and is much the better for them. These balance the game-specific articles which cover a wide variety of games. If Valkyrie can become more regular it will be a strong contender to become the UK games magazine. Available from all games shops or direct from Partizan Press, 816-818 London Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Southend, Essex, SS9 3NH England.

imagine

A free magazine that looks at roleplaying in general and is always entertaining. The reviews are always in depth and the discussions are lively. Issue 30 is out now and can be obtained from <http://www.tcp-ip.or.jp/~panurge> or contact the editor Paul Mason at 101 Green Heights, Shimpo-cho 4-50, Chikusa-ku, Nagoya 464-0072 Japan or panurge@tcp-ip.or.jp (imagine is a paper based magazine, it is just distributed across the net.)

Carnel

An A5 fanzine that covers RPG's in an entertaining way, usually in a discussion style. It has been irregularly printing the Oriental WFRP "supplement" Tetsubo. Contact Roert Rees at The Garden Flat, 14 West Mall, Clifton, Bristol, BS8 4BQ. Issues 1-10 50p per issue, Issue 11 onwards £1 (Plus an SSAE).. Issue 12 is out now.

Games Gazette

Reviews of the latest games, RPGs, computer, boardgames and anything else that qualifies. Bi-monthly, it can be picked up from good game stores or by contacting Chris Baylis, 67 Mynchens, Lee Chapel North, Basildon, Essex, SS15 5EG. £1.25 each or £9 for a subscription.

Games Games Games

Concentrates on boardgames, especially European ones, but does have some RPG coverage. £2.50 for the latest issue from SFC Press (GG), Freeport BR2522, Littlehampton BN16 1BR

Fantastic

A quarterly german RPG magazine, that invites publishers of the RPG to fill a number of pages each issue. The first two issues have contained a scenario from the publishers of the German version of WFRP. Contact Games In Verlag, Karl Heinz Strietzel, Karlstr. 43, D-80333 München Germany. <http://www.truant.com/fantastic>.

Le Grimoire

An irregular French magazine. Each issue is now becoming more like a supplement, dedicated to a specific area. Issue 17 is dedicated to Tilea, specifically Sarotosa. 200+ pages with a lot of artwork and maps. Contact at 3 A. Le Notre, 49300 Cholet, France.

THE CORRESPONDENT

In the beginning by Tim Eccles

Theodor sneaked past the sleeping temple guard and unlocked the heavy door. Placing the candle down he pulled open his master's chest. From the books and scrolls piled within, he took just one. In the flickering light he unrolled the parchment and began to read....

Introduction

I am well aware that, in the "real" world, structures and systems have long been replaced by post-modern randomness. However, it seems to me that a fantasy roleplay background system needs a creation myth, and that this creation is necessary as a starting point for a world and its religion. For creation begets gods/goddesses begets worshippers begets religions begets codes of behaviour. Whilst I agreed with Anthony Ragan's editorial on alignment (in *Warpstone* 9), I think that he missed the point. The alignment system is simply to allow players to get started in the Old World, and to have some basic idea of their character's motivations. The "good" elf is given a basic viewpoint that can then be developed in the light of his experiences of the world, its inhabitants and his gods. This is the point. Alignment is relative. Good is relative. And they are relative to the belief systems of the world.

And all this is the result of a creation story. Without a fundamental story of creation, there is no alignment, nor basic 'glue' to the world. I am even prepared to accept different versions of the story (even different stories) for each race to fit in with modern views of the relative nature of absolutes. But we need a universal thread.

The point of all this? WFRP does not have any creation story. Or, at least, not a consistent one. Everything seems to start in some vague way with the Old Slann experiments in WFB2, and has haphazardly evolved since then. A number of gods are loosely described in the rulebook, others have been invented at whim by scenario writers. And then, of course, we have non-human gods who may or may not be human gods worshipped in different forms. And now we have saints as well.

The Problem

The rulebook offers only a cursory look at the major gods of the Old World, very little on the lesser and chaos gods, and nothing on gods elsewhere. Even worse, there is no real before or after. In other words, there is no explanation of who the gods are or what their purpose is. There is no real idea of how they affect the world or their worshippers, or of how they are affected by worship.

We are effectively left with a catalogue of gods and goddesses and some divine magic. Nor is it a very clear catalogue, since it varies with both race and nationality. Elf, dwarf and halfling are offered one god each; chaos worshippers are offered five. This catalogue is then haphazardly increased at the whim of various resource materials. Again, the quality varies; TEW campaign guides help flesh out some of these deities, but others simply mention new gods by name. (Smednir, anyone?)

Glossing over religion like this hampers the WFRP milieu. On the surface, WFRP offers piety in the face of evil and sanctimonious charlatans haranguing those trying to do the right thing, but it fails to deliver this at a deeper level. Exactly what is the divine nature of

chaos and law? What is the rationale and tactical position of the ultimate battle between heaven and hell? WFRP needs a heaven and a hell in order to define its good and evil. I would go further and say that even the first edition AD&D alignment system offered more help. It may never have bothered to explain it properly, but at least everyone understood the good/evil bit, if not the law/chaos paradigm. In many ways the latter was the most interesting, and has some relevance to WFRP where we also have undeveloped differences between good and law, and evil and chaos.

What is clear is that there are certain broad classifications of divinity:

1. Apotheosis of the Earth Mother into the "family" groups: Rhya, Taal, Manann, Ulric; Morr, Verena, Myrmidia, Shallya. Of course, Taal is also Torothal, Karog and Karnos. Morr is Sarriel, Gazul and Forsagh. Rhya is Haleth, Dyrath and vestiges of Old Faith. Verena is Daora. Manann is also Mathlann, Stromfels, and a number of local river gods. The Earth Mother is still found in what WFRP terms the four life forces (earth, fire, water, air) which oppose chaos.

2. Lesser deities of uncertain origin, including Ranald, Bogenauer and Handrich. These may actually be equivalent to the self-made gods.

3. Self-made gods, most notably Sigmar, who was originally human. Presumably anyone can enter such a 'heroquest', or perhaps the idea is to relate them to Warhammer 40,000 sensei.

4. Saints, who are probably representative of local areas or specialist expertise within a god's overall responsibility. I like the political nature of saint creation within the Old World, but it does not help the overall picture of faith. Nor does it explain the difference between Sigmar, St Helena and Bogenauer to a Bogenhof militiaman.

5. Non-empire gods and their relevance to the Empire. How does a Sigmarite explain the ancient spirits in *Something Rotten in Kislev*?

6. External gods, particularly Chaos but perhaps also those of Law. Some see Law as an aspect of Chaos; a creation myth would solve this. Indeed, Chaos gods alone are rife with contradiction, and not simply that related to their being chaotic.

7. The non-human gods are even more garbled. The Dwarf pantheon are "ancestor" gods, including Grungni, Gazul, (an aspect of Morr), and Smednir. In the Elf pantheon, we find Liadriel, Sarriel (Morr) or Sho'sarrah, Karnos & Torothal (both Taal), Adamnan Na Brionha, a Mathlann (Manann), Meneloth, and mentions of Kurnous, Isha, Ariel, and Orion in WFB. The halflings are deemed to have little to interest us beyond Esmeralda. The Goblins throw up Khakkekk (an aspect of Khome but able to use magic?). And, of course, we have the immortal Drachenfels.

8. Gods are also, of course, divided into official and unofficial. Why? Is Ranald less of a thief than Handrich? This is another example of a rich vein of ideas undeveloped by WFRP. Why not ban the worship of Taal in cities or areas seeking to develop virgin woodland, for example?

A Solution

The simplest solution is to start again from scratch with a new WFRP rule book, and I would certainly

urge anyone looking seriously at warhammer religions to take this starting issue seriously.

Part of the problem with any old system is that it can only survive so many additions, before it becomes something completely different. Obviously, within the current rules framework we can write descriptions of the gods/goddesses and their worship. However, whilst description can help, we are still hampered by the magic system, and the fact that we are writing the result before the event. By this, I mean that we are writing about the gods without seriously analysing why they are there and how they came about. I look forward to *Realms of Sorcery*, and also *Realms of Divine Magick*, which is under development. However, unless the authors are prepared to radically change the rules, I think we are still left with a number of structural defects; and if they are, why not do the job properly and revise the rules in a holistic manner.

Conclusions

It seems to me that we can develop broad viewpoints on creation within WFRP, but these really need to be developed into a creation myth.

The world is disintegrating via a sort of cascade effect, which leads to ever more gods and god-like beings to hold it together if we follow the logic of the chaos incursion and the creation of law as an ultimate anti-chaos force. This is a sort of eternal balancing act, as every move by one side is countered by the other, although it still does not give us any real idea of what the sides are, what they stand for and who they are.

If we ignore the excess of the chaos incursion for a moment, we can see the world as a more eternal consistency. We have the same gods eternally; it is the followers need to simplify one aspect into one god, because of their simplistic natures. Thus, even though all are the same god, it appears there are different gods. I would suggest, that the best way to take this within the implications of the rulebook, are that all gods are sentient parts of the "Mother" changing as 'nature' changes. Gods thus rise and fall and evolve over time, as different parts of the planet are somehow made aware or brought to life. Chaos and the warp is, of course, a complication to all of this. It does seem clear that the majority of gods are indigenous, but Chaos gods are exogenous. It might be argued that the Law gods are also external, or an internal defence formed to counter the invasion.

It is not that I expect PCs (or even GMs) to philosophise over divinity and the nature of religion. But, I do want to know where a Bogenhof militiaman believes he will go when he dies, how he believes that he should act, and how his beliefs affect his attitude to the PCs he runs across. And as a PC, I want to develop my characters and their beliefs beyond a simple "chaos and evil are evil" without reinventing arguments about the Old World every time and in every group I play. In order to do this, I think we need a strong and coherent myth about how the world was formed, how the gods came into being, exactly where chaos fits in and exactly what an individual's place is in all this. I have always thought that given the prevalence of divine magic in fantasy role play backgrounds, no logical PC (or NPC) would ever be an atheist. In WFRP, I see little reason to do otherwise since no priesthood has any story to tell me to either help me make sense of the world or scare the **** out of me if I do not believe.

THE WARPSTONE INTERVIEW: PHIL GALLAGHER

Questions by John Foody

Phil Gallagher was one of the original authors of WFRP and his name appears on many of the subsequent releases. He is still employed by Games Workshop as Company Secretary. Warpstone would like to thank him for his time.

Could you give us a brief biography, covering how you came to work at GW & what your current responsibilities are?

Born at a very early age, I didn't get into gaming until I was supposed to be studying for my finals at Cambridge. Once introduced to AD&D, I blew my double-starred first and future career in the diplomatic service in favour of all-night sessions in smoke-filled rooms with a bunch of nutters who thought they were wizards or half-elves. One good thing was that I was handily placed to go to work for TSR UK, who were also based in Cambridge when I graduated from being penniless student to penniless unemployed person. I spent two and half years there, working with Jim Bambra and Graeme Morris on the UK series of modules. That was also where I met Tom Kirby (then General Manager of TSR UK, now Executive Chairman of Games Workshop Group PLC) - if only I'd kept the negatives...

Anyway, when TSR UK got some rough treatment from its US parent and several staff were made redundant, Tom Kirby and Paul Cockburn both moved North to work for GW. Three months later, Jim, Mike Brunton and I followed. Eleven years later, I'm still here and so is Tom, although the others have gone their various ways. I've been designer, editor, manager, and am now Company Secretary and all-round in-house legal person - beats working for a living, that's for sure!

Do you still game yourself? What about Role-playing?

I still play games whenever I can get away with it. (I have two small children, and the demands of fatherhood make it difficult to spend too many weekends playing games.) But basically, I'll play anything and everything at the drop of a hat - from classics like Cosmic Encounter to, of course, Warhammer. I have a huge Undead army for Warhammer, and collect other models, too. (my excuse is that they're for when my boys grow up, but my wife isn't convinced.) I also spend far too much time playing computer games like Civilization II, as well as "playtesting" the games being developed by GW's licensees. (Warhammer: Dark Omen is just great!) These days I can't make the commitment to a regular slot for role-playing. I did try introducing my neighbours to the concept via Call of Cthulhu, but they never did get the hang of it - I don't think I helped by slaughtering their characters in the Milan Opera House in the Orient Express campaign...

Do you still follow WFRP?

Absolutely. Our French licensees are slowly putting together some original material, and I keep tabs (in, hopefully, a quiet, unobtrusive kind of



way) on Hogshead's proposals and drafts. I find it very gratifying that the game continues to sell, even without GW's distribution behind it.

Were you happy with the work you did on WFRP?

Some of it. As most players will have guessed, we weren't happy with the magic system and planned to fix it as an urgent priority (that's why the original rulebook is full of references to the forthcoming Realms of Sorcery). Unfortunately, commercial reality got in the way, and the project was postponed to death. But the work I did on the background, the campaign plot, the Empire, and Death on the Reik was all immensely satisfying...

Was WFRP the game you set out to write?

Nope. Not at all. The project was underway when I came to GW. However, I did manage to grind one or two personal axes in the bits that weren't already cast in stone. (What a strangely mixed metaphor - it's very late here, so forgive me if my writing style goes completely to pot...)

What were your influences for WFRP?

Three main ones, I think - Warhammer, AD&D and Traveller. The first of these gave WFRP its Chaos theme, and the setting of a late-medieval/fantasy world. AD&D gave it character development and dungeon exploration. Traveller gave it role-playing and trading and complicated plots and a determination to give the GM more help than GDW ever did!

You didn't mention Call of Cthulhu; a game which many compare with WFRP? Was this an oversight or did this influence only appear with Shadows over Bögenhafen?

Shadows was really Graeme Davis' baby - he and Jim Bambra were the big Cthulhu fans. I'm not really sure of the extent of the influence, or whether it owes more to HP Lovecraft or to Chaosium's game. I guess I always assumed that



there were more parallels than direct influences, but maybe you're better placed than me to assess that.

Were you surprised at the impact Shadows over Bögenhafen had on WFRP?

Erm... what impact would that be? You mean when the whole town is consumed in a demonic conflagration?

The impression I had was that Shadows over Bögenhafen gave WFRP a new direction due to its form and then its success. Is this a misconception?

Ahh. I understand the question, now! But no, that's not what happened - we mapped out most of The Enemy Within campaign before SoB was written. If there's a contrast, it's between the Oldenhaller Contract in the rulebook and all the subsequent scenarios. And that's because the Oldenhaller Contract was written before Jim and I started working for

GW. We were never going to produce anything in that vein - TEW was always the sort of stuff we did.

Where did the Germanic influences in WFRP come from?

Well, the Old World is very loosely modelled on Western Europe. Bretonnia is France, Albion is Britain, etc. The Empire was similarly modelled on the Holy Roman Empire, and given a suitably Germanic feel, using my pidgin German wot I learnt whilst working in the Kelloggs factory in Bremen as a student!

Is there anything about WFRP that you would change, now?

The magic system!

Did you ever read Ken Rolston's version of Realms of Sorcery? If so, where did it fail?

Yes. I read many drafts. I had many long conversations with Ken "Way-Too-Many-Ideas" Rolston. The basic problem was that Ken was just way-too-creative to be willing simply to create a rules system that would allow the introduction of a role-playing form of Warhammer magic into WFRP. Ken's strengths lie in plots and scenarios and story telling and writing, not in rules systems. Oh, and he said "way too" way too often! As a magic system, what Ken came up with was great. But it was way too long to be a practical publishing consideration (like twice the size of Realm of Chaos), and it just wasn't Warhammer enough. All of which, could, in theory, have been fixed. But at that time, we didn't have the luxury of devoting that amount of editorial and production resource to something whose commercial success was far from certain.

Have you followed WFRP's progress over the years? If so, how do you think it has developed?

I've tried to stay in touch, but won't pretend to have my finger on the pulse. It seems to me that more than anything it's become a players' game - belonging to the gamers rather than the publisher.

Was Death on the Reik's Castle Wittengstein influenced by Meryn Peake's Gormenghast? If not, was there an inspiration?

Naw. I never did manage to finish Gormenghast. I just wanted a huge castle full of weird and frightening mutants and bad guys. I wanted the castle to be like a real castle - i.e. a whole community rather than a fortified manor house. Space constraints reduced the size of the thing in the end, unfortunately, but I don't think Gormenghast came into it. Kafka did, of course - with the metamorphosed Ludwig, and I'm sure there were other things, too, but I can't remember them now.

At what stage did you leave WFRP behind? Was this personal choice?

Don't think I ever did, really. I stopped writing and designing because I didn't want to be stuck forever behind a word processor, because I wanted to get involved in other things, and because Bryan Ansell (da Boss) asked me to!

Could you give us the story behind Flame Publications? Could it have worked?

It all seems so long ago, now. The idea was to try to find a way to let the undoubted talents of the guys at Flame develop and blossom. Maybe it could have worked - but maybe it was always doomed to failure, given the strong personal leadership at GW, and the characters of the individuals concerned. Still, I look at what Andy Jones is doing now with GW Publishing - bringing out Inferno, the Journal, and a monthly comic - and I can't help thinking that Andy has exactly the attitude that was required back then to make Flame Publications really fly.

Have there been any Warhammer clones that GW has had to resort to legal intervention to stop?

No, not really. Copying game systems is not something people tend to

do. Most gamers can write, after a fashion, but very few of them can make exciting models. That's where the problem is.

Are you surprised considering the success of GW that no-one else has made a go at competing?

Yeah, absolutely amazed. There are one or two companies now deliberately following in our footsteps, one or two others trying to steal our look-and-feel, and more and more instances of petty infringement cropping up all the time. But there are still no real competitors.

GW is viewed as distinct from the rest of the UK gaming hobby. Do you agree with this? Why do you think this view has arisen, and is it a good thing?

Yes. The GW hobby is distinct from "fantasy gaming" or "role playing". It's arisen because we've made it that way. It's self-contained (or can be). It's not about traditional role playing, and it's got nothing to do with, say, collectable card games. The GW hobby is about collecting, painting and gaming with Citadel miniatures. It's fun, it's friendly, it's accessible. To my mind, a more pertinent question is, what is a hobby? And the answer we give is that it has three elements:

1. A degree of skill - manual skill - you can't be part of our hobby without acquiring certain basic modelling and painting skills. This is a good thing!
2. A degree of commitment - it takes time. Time to collect and assemble an army, time to play the games. If it's something you can pick up every now and again - it's not much of a hobby.
3. A degree of imagination - it makes yer think: if you're not playing, you can be thinking about the game, what to collect next, how better to marshal your forces next time you play, etc etc.

Is role playing a hobby then? Not if all you do is role-play your character - where's the manual skill? This is just a pastime. And CCGs? Enjoying these involves neither manual skill nor much commitment... See what I mean? There's nothing wrong with these other activities - it's just that they're not like the GW hobby.

Were GW right to drop role playing products?

Oh absolutely. Games Workshop is a business, first and last. It has a responsibility beyond that of the individual gamer (who, in my experience is a bloody awkward sod who can never be satisfied - "things were always better 2-3 years ago") - to its shareholders, and to its staff. Over 1500 people depend directly on GW for their livelihoods, to pay their mortgages and feed their kids. Of course the company has to put its resources where the greatest return is. And wargaming - tabletop wargaming with armies of toy soldiers - is the gaming background of the vast majority of staff here (even the accountants paint models!). Not role playing. So you've got to play to your strengths. Do what you do best. And besides, look what's happened to the rpg companies. Where is GDW? Gone. What's happened to TSR? Saved from going to the wall by WotC. FASA's still there - but that's not due to rpgs. Steve Jackson Games, White Wolf, Chaosium? I guess there'll always be a place for rpg publishers who are happy to stay small and exclusive - at least, I hope so.

Do you believe that GW's decision to withdraw from the rest of the UK games markets was correct?

Hmmm. Not sure what you mean by that. You mean abandoning the distribution of other companies' products to concentrate exclusively on our own? Or dropping our line of board games and things to concentrate on Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000? In any event, the same answer applies. As a business, it would have been irresponsible of the directors to do anything else. The former was done to fund the company's growth. The latter simply because we weren't very good at selling these things - see my previous answer!

Have the legal problems with the US distributors been completely resolved?

They have as far as we're concerned. Their suit was always, at best, dubious, and only dragged on because of the unbelievably arcane system of US civil justice. In a nutshell, they were arguing that we were not entitled to change our terms and conditions of sale, because it was against the consumers' interests and anti-competitive. Which is an outrageous allegation when you think about it. They were trying to prevent retailers from being able to buy direct from the manufacturer, trying to protect their own profits and hide their lousy service behind a claim that we had "stolen" their customers - even though the names and addresses of those customers were regularly advertised in Dragon magazine. Well, the fact that our games and models are now more widely available in the US, and sold through far more outlets than ever before, gives the lie to those arguments.

How many companies have WFRP licences?

Jeux Descartes publish it in France; Nexus in Italy; DISTRIMAGEN in Spain; MAG in Poland; Das Schwarzes Einhorn in Germany; and Shakaishissha (try saying that after three pints) in Japan.

How much control does GW exert over it WFRP licences across the world? Has any company had their contract withdrawn?

We've never had to cancel a contract (but we've got close, once or twice). The control is about quality and consistency. The artwork is very precious to us. New illustrations have to be consistent with the world and of a comparable quality. Translations have to use the same terminology as our own translators of Warhammer. Otherwise, the licensee can do what they like - they don't have to publish all the material. They can bring it out in whatever order and whatever format (boxes, books, etc) they like. They can chop it about, use White Dwarf material, whatever. As long as the published product is true to the Warhammer world, I'm happy. Oh. And I don't like surprises! Every licensee has to get approval before they publish.

Should WFRP be allowed to go its own way instead of being tied to GW's Warhammer Fantasy Battle world?

Yes. And it is... up to a point. The point is this - both games are called Warhammer, but WFB outsells WFRP several times over. To the publishers of WFRP, it seems to make sense to keep the world as close to that of the more popular game as possible, in the hope of selling stuff to players of the battle game. On the other hand, I'd be very reluctant to let someone casually introduce a new race to WFRP, say, or to publish a Nippon or Cathay supplement. The very fact that they were entering uncharted waters would attract so much interest that the pressure to please everyone would be overwhelming; and yet, of course, it isn't possible to please everyone. But apart from that, as long as WFRP stays true to itself, it does not have to be bound by what we publish for Warhammer.

The WFB army books have moved towards a much 'higher fantasy' bias? Has this been a deliberate policy?

They have? Er... no, not as such. The "change" from the WFRP

Brettonia, for example, to that of the army book is as much due to the fact that Nigel Stillman was given carte blanche to write up his own vision of Brettonia. But the dark, brooding, grim world of perilous adventure is still there.

What is the best part of WFRP?

The setting, the world, the atmosphere.

What is the worst part of WFRP?

The magic system!

What is the best WFRP scenario? And why?

Death on the Reik. Cos I wrote it. It was all my idea, mine, I tell you, mine! Oh all right, then... because it's about as non-linear as anything that was published as a commercial rpg scenario at that time.

What is the worst WFRP scenario? And why?

The Oldenhaller Contract - because it's not really a role playing scenario at all - more like one of those old-fashioned AD&D modules which were really underground skirmish combats.

Will we ever see another WFRP product with your name on?

Who knows? Maybe I'm beaver away on another epic adventure in my spare time even now...

What do you see as the future of WFB and WFRP?

WFB is as much about the models as the game and its setting. And I think the models will keep getting better, while the game will be translated into more and more languages. Beyond that, I hesitate to speculate lest it be taken as some kind of sneak preview... but... I think one day there'll be an Epic Warhammer, there'll be a real skirmish game - where you control individual models rather than units... and, and, and...

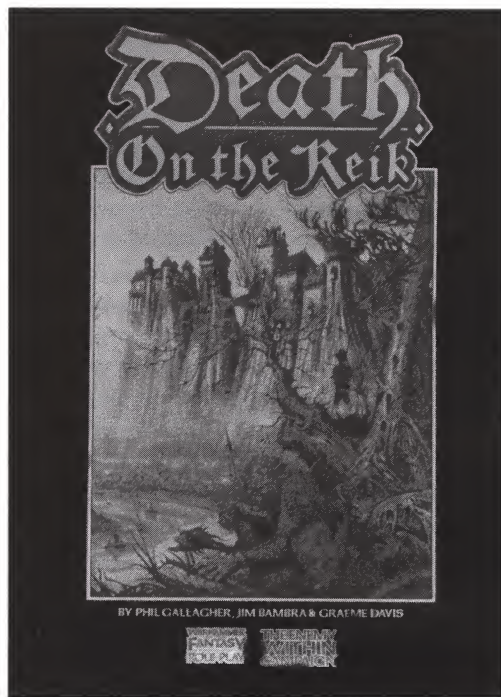
As for WFRP - I really don't know. I hope that the nice people at Warpstone and Hogshead will manage to keep it alive. But, as I said above, I don't think rpg publishing is ever going to be a huge commercial success - there just aren't enough gamers spending enough money on the publications to make it worth the effort required from writers, editors and publishers.

Finally, one of our readers wondered how much would it cost someone to buy the WFRP license outright, just in case they won the lottery! Any hints?

Hmmm... the hard ones last, eh?

I can't think why anyone would want to do this. We'd never sell the exclusive rights to produce a role playing game set in the Warhammer world - so, if we sold the rights to WFRP, we'd always reserve the right to produce another Warhammer Roleplaying Game. Only the huge megacorps can really publish world wide; everybody else licences out foreign language editions.

That said, if the rest of the terms were right, we might be prepared to consider offers around half-a-million... (but only consider, mind you!)



"It was all my idea, mine, I tell you, mine!"

THE PASSING OF TIME

Thoughts on using the seasons in WFRP by John Foody

When running a campaign it can be difficult putting across the passage of time. I don't mean on a smaller day-to-day scale within a scenario, but on a larger scale of years. WFRP has a very good calendar and *The Enemy Within* encourages GMs to begin their campaign in 2512, which has meant that most games take place in the years following this. This is a great strength of Warhammer, but only if the dry passing of numbers can be injected with a little colour.

A simple solution is to break down the year into seasons. This sounds obvious, but in my experience few people take advantage of seasons. They provide a simple way to add atmosphere to the game and to give campaigns an overall structure. The Almanac bundled with the GM screen also recommends this, and gives some brief thoughts on how to incorporate the idea. *Ars Magica* from Atlas Games also does this. Players may keep close track of the passage of time on a calendar but this should add to, not interfere with, the atmosphere. When setting a scene, telling your players spring is coming is far better than say it's the 17th Nachexen. By making each season unique it gives a real feel of the years moving on.

Winter (18th Kaldezeit to 16th Nachexen)

When Taal and Rhya sleep, their kingdoms die. The bear hibernates and the green disappears (except for the evergreens, eternally watching for their lord's return). It is the season of Ulric, a time when harsh winds blow across the land, heralding the snows and the rain. Wolves become more daring and encroach on human settlements as their own food supplies become scarcer. Manann enrages the seas so that the ice of winter does not harden their surface.

Winter is much harder in the North of the Empire, and that is where the worship of Ulric is strongest. Rural areas have much more to fear than the cities, including being cut-off, attacked by hungry beasts or running out of food. These are also problems faced by adventurers who decide to travel in the Winter. With bad weather and shorter days, journeys will be slow, potentially grinding to a halt. After a heavy snowfall, they might find themselves stuck in a village in the middle of nowhere, faced with the choice of sitting it out or risking their lives by pressing on. Horses may be next to useless and forests will be full of starving beastmen, goblins & wolves. These creatures will be also be far more confident under cover of the long nights, knowing that any organised military retribution will be slow. Something of a siege mentality develops among communities as they await the first thawing of spring. Food prices start to increase as its quality decreases, until almost everything left is salted or dried.

On the main roads things will be better. Travel will still be hazardous, with washed out roads, less roadwardens, and some inns closing for the winter months. Prices will increase and everyone is just that little bit more suspicious.

It's all a pretty grim picture, and for adventurers the best place to be is in the city. Here, they will be sheltered from the harshest

weather, have plenty of food available (quantity if not quality) and be safe from the marauding hordes. Safe and warm. OK, probably not, knowing most PCs. Winter is the ideal time for characters to start new professions, which allows for plots to be based on these months of training. Indeed, city-based plots can be run as normal, with trips into the wilderness becoming far more daunting. Going into the wild requires a complete new set of skills and equipment. Skies will be overcast and navigation by the stars will be difficult.

River travel is also potentially hazardous, with large stretches prone to freezing. Remember, during the 16th century the ice on the Thames was so thick that a fair was held on it.

So for three months a year, the PCs will have to set themselves up in a town or city. They will have to buy or rent a house, maybe get proper jobs and generally behave themselves. Over time they may grow to think of that city as home and the people around them as friends. Next year, they'll come back. Such a change in the pace of the campaign gives a real feeling of Winter and the passing of another year.

For most people Winter is made bearable by Mondstille, the Winter Solstice. This is the shortest day of the year and a Holy Day of both Ulric and the Old Faith. People prepare for this from the Autumn. In villages and towns, it consists of a large community gathering; in cities it is more elaborate, and people brave the roads to travel to the celebration. The largest celebration is held in Middenheim (see *Power Behind the Throne*) where the city becomes filled with revellers and lights. Indeed, light is an important aspect of the festival, and huge bonfires are always lit. The celebration pushes back the darkness and brings on the Spring. Much alcohol will be drunk and the last of the dried fruits will be consumed. Holly and Mistletoe will be hung from houses to bring Taal's help and to keep out evil influences. Dancing, singing and the telling of stories will be much in evidence. Travellers arriving anywhere on this day are guaranteed a good reception, although it is customary for them to give gifts to their hosts.

Spring (17th Nachexen to 17th Sigmarzeit)

Taal and Rhya awaken from their slumber, and with them their kingdoms. Manann, pleased to see them, calms the seas and Ulric travels the world, a reminder that he never truly disappears. The bear awakens, leaves grow on the trees and animals are born.

Winter is officially over, but for a few weeks at least the weather is unpredictable. In rural areas farmers and their families are already at work, ploughing the fields, starting the lambing and ploughing the crops. This all follows a pattern handed down from father to son. During the Spring prayers and offerings are made to Taal and, for followers of the Old Faith, to the Goddess. As well as tending their land, some rural populations will be expected to repair nearby stretches of road that have become impassable after the ravages of winter.

Travel becomes easier with the improved weather, although

many of the smaller roads are still muddy. The nobility begin to mount military expeditions, and these can offer opportunities to characters who find themselves cash-strapped after a slow winter. These expeditions will range from hunting down the Beastmen and Goblins who have encroached in the long, dark months, to going to war.

Spring is the natural time for characters to set out on their own journeys. The weather will be generally mild and the days are getting long enough for a good amount of travel. Also, it will probably be a great relief to travel after being cooped up all winter.

Summer (18th Sigmarzeit to 16th Nachgeheim)

Ulric, tired of his travels, and knowing that there is food enough for his wolves, sleeps. With their kingdom now complete, the crops growing and foals and cubs born, Taal and Rhya meet. Manann, having made sure his rivers are full, sometimes joins them. His seas are calm, although he is easily enraged enough to return. Together the three sit in long judgement over man, the sun staying aloft longer so they may see better. "Have they praised enough, and been grateful for what we have done?" Sometimes, they cannot decide, so the rains are not sent in order to let them continue their observation.

The nights are short. Sowing is over and harvest is yet to come, and therefore there is opportunity for free time to be spent out of doors. Some evenings may be filled by extended periods of Militia training.

The weather is predictable during the summer, and thus travel plans can be made with certainty. The nights are short and the creatures that traditionally thrive in darkness are at their weakest. Goblins and Beastmen keep a low profile knowing that should they be chased down, the shadows that hide them are fleeting. However, the forests and rivers are full of food and only the most foolish starve. Many may even use this period to travel to newer hunting grounds in preparation for winter.

Although crops and herds must be tended, summer is the easiest part of the year for farmers. The long days help dispel the fear of nature and of chaos, and give more time for couples to court. Everyone enjoys themselves. Even in the towns there is daylight enough to enjoy the hours after work.

Chaos Cultists keep a low profile during these months. There are few days of importance to them, except for the appearance of Morrslieb on Geheimnstag. Even this is of less significance than that of Mondstille in winter, although it symbolises the start of the coming of darkness (i.e. winter). Recruitment is also generally slow, as people are more content with their lot.

Not all is good though. Long journeys in heavy armour become impossible due to the heat, and water supplies may become

an issue in certain locations. This will be balanced by the ready availability of food, especially to those with herb lore or hunting skills.

The major festival in the season is Sonnstill, the summer solstice and the longest day of the year. This is of major importance to followers of The Old Faith, and to a lesser extent Taal and Rhya. It is celebrated with long ceremonies climaxing at dusk, and may involve everyone from nearby villages. The celebration of Sonnstill is almost exclusively honoured in rural areas and ignored elsewhere.

Autumn (17th Nachgeheim to 17th Kaldezeit)

Taal and Rhya, having watched long, make their decision. If man has been lax in his respects then they may take their gift away. Taal may send his storms or even wake his brother Ulric to bring about his winter quickly. Only rarely are Taal and Rhya angered, and more often, the crops are plentiful. Even when they are angry, Rhya cannot bear to see her children suffer, and tempers her husband's destructive rages with some kindness.

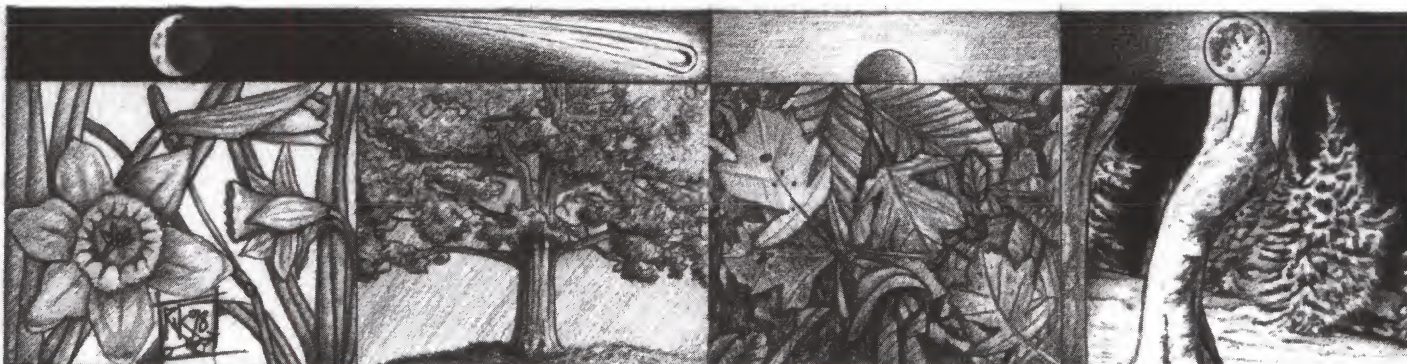
Autumn is the time when the harvests are gathered and preparations are made for winter. Animals are slaughtered and salted, as not to do so means they consume too much food. If the harvest was good it is a time of plenty; prices fall, and everyone can eat their fill. Rural areas will celebrate the end of the harvest with two or three days of feasting, dedicated to the gods, though this event occurs at different times in different places.

Although this is a rural event, towns and cities have started to hold their own equivalent. This is the Halfling celebration 'Pie Week', dedicated to Esmeralda. The last of the summer fruit and some of the newly slaughtered meat, are baked into a huge array of pies, and these are devoured over the course of a week with much drinking and merriment. In population centres with Halflings (i.e. most of them), their businesses traditionally close for the duration. However, their non-Halfling neighbours, knowing a good thing when they see it, have started to join in the fun. The evenings have become events of excess, and are increasingly a profit-making time for the Halfling communities.

Many armies return during autumn, their campaigns over. Few commanders want their troops to be stuck away from home in winter. As it gets colder, food becomes scarcer and travel harder. This hardship means that less and less can be achieved, and the rarity of food leads to disease and bad morale.

Traffic on the road during this season will be plentiful, as supplies are transported to the towns and people travel home before winter hits. This is also a good time for PCs to make their way to somewhere comfortable. During this time the weather will affect them little, apart from the occasional storm. However, with the shortening days the goblins and Beastmen start to return.

In the heavens Ulric fully awakens and winter comes.



FOUNDATION AND FAITH

By Anthony Dawber

The Warhammer World is a well-detailed place; its people and lands are colourful and interesting. Nonetheless, from my experiences as a GM I have found that players tend to forget one thing when role playing in the WFRP setting: that they are playing characters with a mixture of archaic, medieval and early renaissance beliefs. To help make campaigns more realistic (and to help players get more out of roleplaying), one needs to know what these beliefs are. Both parts of this article look to enrich your WFRP experience and help your players using characters from a medieval/early renaissance era, rather than modern day characters with swords and horses and substitute-technology in the guise of magic.

Much of the article is based around English customs and laws, but all can easily be applied to life in the Empire. Such beliefs are spread throughout The Old World, albeit varied to a greater or lesser degree.

The Social Situation

The differences between social classes were much greater than they are now. Rich landowners lived reasonably comfortable lives. 'Comfortable' is a relative term, though, since they lacked many of the amenities that we take for granted. The poor, who accounted for more than half of the total population, lived on the edge of starvation. While the gentry and yeomanry (a class of prosperous farmers immediately below the gentry in the social hierarchy) lived in houses built of stone or brick, poor townspeople lived in houses of timber. Those in the country had to make do with clay and mud. The situation in the Warhammer World is very similar, with rural areas being backward and poor (like Sylvania for example), and rich merchants and the middle classes staking their claim in urban areas (as shown by the power of merchant guilds).

The Old World is a society with more extreme class divisions than our own. Moreover, these divisions are immediately visible. Just as a clergyman or a soldier is identifiable by his clothes, so are lawyers, academics, farmers, craftsmen, labourers and gentlemen. A man of lower rank thus knew when he must give way to his superior, or doff his hat to him. Although these restrictions might be relaxed somewhat in big cities (especially Marienburg, Altdorf and Middenheim), characters could still get into a lot of trouble for having an indistinct social rank and not paying deference to their betters. Race confuses these conventions somewhat. High Elves would definitely have something to say about paying deference to a human, Dwarf or Halfling. It is likely that there are specific laws covering these eventualities, although these will almost definitely change from place to place.

Society and income

Independent households predominated in the economy: families have their own holdings, which they might supplement with other earnings. The family provided the only type of social security anyone could hope for. There were no unemployment payments, of course, nor sickness benefits, paid holidays, widows' or old peoples' pensions - indeed no retirement at all, except through incapacity. Most men and women simply had to work for as long as they could. If the family would not or could not look after an able-bodied unemployed member, he or she took to the road, joining thousands of others in the elusive search for employment elsewhere. Such a search forms a perfect excuse to adventure. The impotent poor, meaning cripples and the aged, received 'poor relief' if they were permanent inhabitants of a parish. Pauper children were compulsorily apprenticed to masters, irrespective of whether or not these individuals would treat them well. This led to large numbers of children living rough in some cities.

Money was more important for paying rent, tithes (a payment to the local clergyman - in the Warhammer World, of the

clerics of the areas' patron god - which provided the bulk of his income) and taxes than it was for shopping. A great many families grew their own food, made their own clothes, and picked up fuel from the commons, woods and forests (of which there were far more than today). In order to pay rent, tithes and taxes, some members of the peasant families had to work part-time in industry. This usually meant the women and children doing spinning and weaving at home for cloth merchants. This reliance on cottage industries meant when there was a depression in the clothing industry (as there was in the early medieval period) it caused extreme hardship among thousands of agricultural families who depended on industrial by-earnings to make ends meet.

Attitudes and beliefs

Perhaps the most significant differences, however, were in the attitudes and beliefs of these people. Whereas today changes in trends tend to be welcomed as signs of progress and improvement, to the medieval mind it represented a threat to the established order and so was viewed with fear and suspicion. However, as the renaissance era dawned on the world, there were many learned minds that began to see progress as good. Religion still influenced all aspects of life, however. Attendance at church was obligatory, and it was illegal to worship in any way other than that prescribed by the Church of England. The Church played an important role in government at both local and national level. Similarly, the cults of WFRP would have laws making it mandatory to attend their churches on important holy days, and there will almost certainly be laws making it illegal not to attend the church of the areas' patron deity on his/her weekly holy-day. It is unlikely that the population will ignore any of the gods, even if they favour one above the others. In their minds, to do so would bring disaster (see WFRP p193 under the section "Popular Attitudes"). The cults will be political institutions, like the Christian Church, and will have far more influence than the Church has today.



Diet

Most people in rural areas live by a totally unmechanised agriculture. They depend on the weather to an extent that is difficult for us to grasp. If the harvest fails, people starve and food prices will go up in the cities. A large part of the population will be undernourished, even in a good harvest year. Epidemic diseases - plague, influenza, and so on - recur frequently; smallpox and syphilis ruin many faces. In the cities, some houses of the well-to-do have piped water; elsewhere there is no running water. There are no flush toilets. There are few hospitals or doctors, and no good anaesthetics: most

Did you know...?

In the early Renaissance, distinctions of apparel between the different classes were not just matters of convention; they were actually laid down by law. Dressing up as one of your betters was a prosecutable offence.

people have to put up with a great deal of unrelieved pain. You should be aware that PCs are also subject to pain, disease and starvation. In WFRP, epidemics and starvation often lead to the misguided worship of Nurgle in the lower classes. It was only in the early renaissance that the human body was properly studied, and that the practice of medicine as we understand it began to be carried out. There is much that is unknown about the body and even about basic hygiene; many are prepared to simply blame witches, nurglings, and divine curses and retribution for sins as the cause of their ills and pains.

Diet is very restricted by our standards, and varies with the seasons. Meat becomes expensive in winter. There is no refrigeration; salted meat and lots of dried or salted fish are consumed. There are no potatoes, tea or coffee at prices that ordinary people can afford; far more beer and cider are drunk per head of the population than in most modern societies. These drinks are both safer and cleaner than the dirty water available, especially in population centres.

Times and seasons

People measure time by the seasons; by our standards they are extremely unpunctual. There is obviously no electricity or gas for heating or lighting. The rural poor tend to go to bed when it gets dark, since candles and even rushlights are expensive. There is no street lighting, except in the towns and cities, so people are much more aware of the moon and stars. Because of this, and through their dependence on the weather and the seasons, they are prepared to attribute importance to the influence of the sun, moon and planets on everyday life. Astrologers tried to make a science out of such belief, which nearly everyone shared. The darkness at night helped to preserve traditional beliefs in ghosts, hobgoblins, fairies, witches and the supernatural. Of course, for the people of WFRP most of these beliefs are justified. However instead of talking about tiny elves and fairies in the forests, as happened in medieval culture, the people of the Old World would talk about beastmen, mutants and the tall, elegant Wood Elves. Still, the mystery and fear would remain, as it would be unlikely that the average person would ever see any of these creatures. However, malformed births, beastmen attacks and adventurer's tales would be enough to make the supernatural more of a reality for these people than our ancestors.

The Social Hierarchy

Medieval and early renaissance society reflected the enormous difference in wealth between rich and poor. In the words of the historian C. V. Wedgwood, "at the topmost level were noble men of the old school who kept two hundred servants of all degrees, from their Master of the Horse and Gentlemen Ushers, their Yeomen of the Buttery and Pantry, to laundresses and grooms. At the lowest level was the day labourer with one coarse shirt to his back, earning a night's lodging and a share of pease-pudding".

A person's social rank was determined by the inter-relationship between a number of factors, such as birth, esteem, wealth, occupation and lifestyle. The most important determinant of gentility was land ownership. It was this that entitled a man to become involved in the government of his country or to represent it in parliament. This is certainly the case with the Empires' Electors. Guild members are often born into their roles, too. Your PCs ought to have a detailed background for their families, as were they come from and who they were born to plays such an important role in all aspects of life. (For some thoughts on this see *Get a Life* in Warpcastle 9.)

This social hierarchy in our world and the Old World was based on precedence and deference. People of higher social rank took precedence over those below them, but also had responsibilities towards them. Those of lower rank owed deference and respect to those above them. Precedence and deference were constantly being reinforced. Deferential forms

of addresses were the norm. Seating in church was governed by social status, with those of higher rank nearest to the pulpit. Clothing was regulated by sumptuary laws that restricted the wearing of silk and velvet to the gentry. Gentlewomen wore gowns, whereas labourers' wives wore separate petticoats and bodices. This inequality between different levels of society was accepted as being perfectly natural and was believed to have been ordained by God.

In effect, there were two social hierarchies that coexisted and overlapped. Rural society was dominated by the nobility and gentry, with the yeomanry below them and the peasants at the bottom. Urban society was dominated by a merchant elite of wholesalers, entrepreneurs and financiers, beneath which was a middle group of manufacturers and retailers, who in turn were above the artisans, apprentices and unskilled labourers. These restrictions should be taken into account wherever your PCs may be. They should be careful to watch what they wear!

The Community

As well as holding a recognisable social rank, people were also members of a number of overlapping communities which cut across these distinctions. These included the family, the village, the parish (the area of influence a local cult has), the town, the county (city-state, Grand Duchy or whatever) and the country. Within each of these communities there was an established hierarchy. The family was ruled by the head of the household; the village was dominated by the squire; the parish was guided by the priest; the town was governed by the mayor and aldermen or guildmen; the county by the lord lieutenant, sheriffs and justices of the peace (who, in WFRP, would work for the nearest Elector in the Empire); and the country by the monarch and the government. Adventurers are outside of these communities most of the time, unless they have a base of operations. As mobile people they may be seen to rank alongside itinerant beggars, peddlers, gypsies and thieves, and so be viewed with similar suspicion. In the city, however, they can fade into the background as the distinctions between these communities fade also. Even here, though, it may be hard to get help from the local cult as PCs will not be recognisable as parishioners. Way-temples are an exception to this.

The Family

The basic and most important unit of social order was the family. Authority within the family rested entirely with the head of the household - the man. His wife, children and servants were required to obey him without question. William Gouge, in "Domestic Duties", published in 1934, described the family as a "little commonwealth, wherein the first principles and grounds of government and subjection are learnt...inferiors that cannot be subject in a family will hardly be brought to yield such subjection as they ought in Church or Commonwealth".

Obedience in the family was considered to be a vital element in the preservation of social order. Therefore, if a man could not control his wife, the courts or his neighbours would do it for him. Nagging wives were sentenced to wear a scold's bridle or a nag's mask or to be ducked in the village pond. Unfaithful or violent wives and their husbands would be ridiculed in 'charivari' or 'skimmingtons', which were processions to the offender's home accompanied by rough music. In cases of infidelity, a man wearing horns would symbolise the cuckolded husband. If the wife was unruly and violent, the offence would be parodied by neighbours with the husband riding backwards on a horse and holding a distaff, the symbol of female subjection, and the wife beating him with a ladle. The GM could set up an amusing encounter involving a skimmington when the PCs first enter a settlement, enriching an otherwise routine encounter, or a PC could be subject to something like this himself (lay it on thick!).

Village, Town and Parish

Although it is now recognised by historians that the horizons of the poor in medieval times and the early renaissance were wider

Did you know...?

It is estimated that about a third of the European population were under the age of 15, and that average life expectancy was somewhere between 35 and 40 (This was higher for men, due to the perilous nature of childbirth). Thus the age distribution of the population of medieval England, for example, differed markedly from that of modern Britain in which less than 20 per cent of the population is below the age of 15 and average life expectancy is 69 for men and 75 for women. This makes it likely that your adventurers could be as young as 13 years old, and would not expect to live a long or a healthy life. It is also likely that, because of the years of study, meditation and training, PC wizards would be at least in their late thirties and not expecting to live much longer. For this reason, there would be few high level mages in the Old World, and to common men, Elves would seem all but immortal.

Did you know...?

Society was divided into clearly defined strata, and everyone knew their place in the hierarchy. To tamper with the hierarchy was to threaten the fabric of society and to risk anarchy. As Shakespeare put it in *Troilus and Cressida*, "There is a degree... Take the degree away, untune that string, and hark what discord follows". So adventurers may be viewed to be a social hanc, or even as anarchists flaunting the social hierarchy, and the attitudes of people towards them may reflect this disapproval. It is likely that they will be ranked alongside beggars and prostitutes if they are poor and unsuccessful, and with merchants and soldiers if they are well known and successful. Being an adventurer is probably the best way to be socially mobile and the worst way to be socially acceptable.

Did you know...?

Society's belief in the superiority of traditional methods led people to behave in ways that we might find surprising. For instance in England, when James I and Charles I ran into genuine financial difficulties because inflation had reduced the value of their income from crown lands, members of parliament refused to recognise the problem, assuming that since the monarch had been able to make ends meet in the past, he could continue to do so. They blamed the problem on extravagance at court rather than recognising the need for a fundamental overhaul of the revenue service.

Did you know...?

The importance of the Bible on all parts of society was considerable. As an example, the Book of Revelations was particularly important to the Puritans. In chapter twenty, it predicts that Christ would reappear upon Earth to begin a thousand-year reign that would precede the Day of Judgement. Many (English) people believed that the English were God's chosen people, and that this Second Coming would take place in England. Furthermore, books such as "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" convinced them that the Millennium was imminent. While millenarianism was a widely held belief before the 1640s, the upheaval of the civil wars and the execution of the king led to the emergence of sects such as Ranters, Quakers, Muggletonians and Fifth Monarchists. In their own distinct ways, these groups began to plan for the imminent arrival on earth of Christ: the Apocalypse. However, the restoration of the Stuart monarchy in 1660 was difficult to reconcile with an imminent Apocalypse and millenarian belief faded rapidly after that date. It was briefly revived in the year 1665, as the next year contained the number of the Beast (666) and meant to result in the ultimate battle between good and evil. People's beliefs seemed justified when the Black Plague hit England and parts of Europe, and London almost burnt to the ground.

that was once thought, for most people the village and the parish were the most important communities outside their immediate family. The village was where they earned their living and, in lighter moments, socialised with friends, drank in the alehouse, played games on the green and took part in harvest celebrations and village feasts on religious holidays. The parish was the basic unit of religious organisation, which is likely to be extremely complex due to the influence of so many cults. However, it was also much more than that. Even though one god will have predominance in a region, the rest are still observed. Moral and social values were regulated and enforced by the local cleric. His pulpit was used by the government to disseminate information and propaganda; poor relief was organised by the parish; parish courts punished criminal activities and social misdemeanours; and many other aspects of village life were regulated by churchwardens and parish constables. In larger settlements, these roles might be so time-consuming as to make them full-time careers.

Neighbourliness was regarded as a virtue, especially in rural areas, and could take many forms. Villagers who did not own their own ploughs borrowed them from neighbours. In the absence of banking facilities, borrowing and lending money were commonplace. Good neighbours lived in peace and harmony and placed no unreasonable demands on the community. They took part in parish administration, helped each other with sheep-shearing, assisted in gathering the harvest and maintained good social relations with each other. The importance of neighbourliness is emphasised by the many complaints received by local magistrates about people who failed to conform to expected standards by being quarrelsome, idle, immodest, drunken or generally disruptive. Such people were subjected to charivari and rough music and, in extreme cases, were excluded from Holy Communion. In WFRP they could be excluded from any important religious ceremony akin to Communion and, if the circumstances were extreme enough, draw the attentions of local witch-hunters.

It is probable that the sense of community was greater in villages than in towns because the population of towns was larger and more mobile, and therefore individuals were likely to be more anonymous. In smaller communities everyone will know everyone else's business, creating a potentially claustrophobic atmosphere. This would be a good reason for people to leave. However, towns had the same type of parish organisation as villages, and craft guilds and local sub-communities provided some degree of neighbourliness. The GM must remember this when PCs interact with the local community.

The County and Country

The bonds of community and neighbourliness operated between people of broadly similar social rank. Thus, the community of the poor tended to be the village, while the community of the gentry often encompassed the entire county. Unless your PCs are nobles or involved in political intrigue then the former community will concern them the most.

Social unrest

Society was not always as peaceful and deferential, in spite of belief in the divine order of things. Riots were not uncommon. Football matches and other sports played on public holidays were violent and frequently got out of hand because they were seen by many as an occasion to settle old scores. Deference was not always observed, as the behaviour of the congregation in Norwich Cathedral during the 1630s illustrates: on successive Sundays, the mayor and aldermen, whose pews were below the public gallery, were showered with prayer books, foot stools, dung and salvia. Similar displays could be encountered by your PCs, and they may even be directly involved themselves.

Although society was unruly, it was controllable. Violent protests acted as a safety valve and, provided they did not threaten the social order, was viewed with a certain tolerance. Rioters who were reacting to the misconduct of government officials were liable to be bound over to keep the peace, whereas those who attacked the system itself were usually executed. Here the job of the agitator and demagogue becomes very interesting. PCs

following these careers must be aware of activities of this kind in society. This will help enrich adventures based around their activities and the role-playing experience in general.

The poor were also controllable because the government was relatively efficient by the standards of the day and did not place unreasonable demands on them. The taxation system was progressive, especially in the early renaissance era, so that the richest people paid most while the poorest paid nothing. There was an effective system of poor relief in which the richer members of each parish contributed to the maintenance of those in need. On occasion, the government even acted to protect the poor from the unreasonable behaviour of their betters. However, there were other occasions when the crown united with nobles and gentry to crush violent outbursts. To the outsider, the politics of the land must seem very capricious, and form a perfect excuse to throw the odd surprise at your PCs every now and again.

Thus, while there was a great chain of being and everyone knew their place within it, those on the lower rungs of the social ladder were quite capable of rattling the chains in defence of what they considered to be their legitimate rights.

Fear of Innovation

In many respects the attitudes and beliefs of people living in the medieval and early renaissance periods were very different from those which we hold today. This was partly because the world they lived in was so different from ours. Disease and poor nutrition meant that life was precarious. Recurrent epidemics of the plague decimated the population. Many of the scientific, medical and industrial developments that have shaped our world were unknown then, though one must take into account Dwarfen innovations. Even here, though, the Dwarfen guilds place tight controls over innovation, preferring tried and tested creations.

Faith and superstition provided answers to questions about the origins of man, the causes of disease and other phenomena for which there are now scientific explanations. Their world was one of stability, whereas ours is one of change. So, it is hardly surprising that people in medieval times did not share our view that change is, on the whole, to be welcomed because it implies development and improvement. Magic in the WFRP campaign should only be appreciated by the enlightened and educated as the renaissance has not dawned on the general populace yet. Any wizard, legitimate or otherwise, should be an object of fear, awe and fascination, as they embody change and manipulate the forces that are used to explain so much of everyday life. Clashes between mages and clergy should be common, and your PC wizard should always be the focus of attention, and never an object of indifference. They will also be an obvious target.

The desire for stability and fear of innovation underpinned many other medieval and early renaissance beliefs such as the Great Chain of Being, the Divine Rights of Kings and Ancient Constitutions.

The Great Chain of Being

Inequality was evident in all aspects of medieval and early renaissance society. The rich lived in relative comfort while the poor eked out an existence in which the threat of starvation was never far away. Those who owned land had political rights, whereas landless labourers did not. Forms of address, seating in church, clothing and many other outward signs constantly reminded the poorer sort of their inferiority to those of higher social rank. With such inequality, how was social order preserved? Why did the 'have-nots' tolerate a system that put them at a permanent disadvantage?

The traditional explanation contains two main strands. The first relies on the commonly held view of the world as a great chain of being. This descended from God (or the community of gods in WFRP) at the top through the king and the various ranks of humanity (and other races) to animals, plants and, at the bottom, rocks. Such a belief regarded human



inequality as natural, and a part of God's plan. Their place in the scheme was viewed as predetermined, a belief reinforced by the church. This all helped to encourage deference towards those of higher social rank.

The second strand focuses on the control that the ruling classes had over the machinery of justice. This enabled them to protect their privileged position by punishing those whose words or deeds threatened the status quo (possibly in the name of Solkan). The importance of order would be even more serious in the Old World as Chaos is a real, personified force. It is likely that any change is viewed with suspicion. Progress and social changes and unrest would meet with violent retribution, and reactionary and conservative politics and religion would be the order of the day. The tyranny of Old World society, politics and religion must be emphasised, because this control is at least partially justified by the ever-present threat of Chaos, and the very real threat of genocidal races like Skaven, Fimir, beastmen and Orcs.

The Divine Rights of Kings

A logical corollary of the Great Chain of Being was the Divine Right of Kings (or Emperors). This belief envisaged God as having delegated power on earth to kings. Thus, kings were answerable to no one but God, and opposition to their actions was not only treason, but also a sin. Subjects had no right to participate in government other than that which the king granted them. In WFRP, this authority could be delegated by the country's patron deity, such as Sigmar, and might lead to interesting tensions when powers authorised by different deities (such as Witch Hunters and the Imperial Court) clash. The medieval period was a time when absolute monarchies were emerging all over Europe, justified by this belief. The authorities in WFRP would certainly play on this, especially given public events such as those described at the end of EiF.

Predestination and free will

One of the most widely held beliefs among Protestants at the beginning of the seventeenth century was predestination. This Calvinist doctrine held that man was essentially

sinful and destined to be damned, but that God, in his mercy, had chosen to save some people, known as the elect, from the consequences of their sinfulness. Salvation was not a question of living a good life and earning it: the elect were predestined to be saved. This belief was based on a passage in St Paul's letter to the Ephesians, "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast."

During the reign of James I, Calvinist predestination was a theology shared by almost everyone in the country of England. However, in 1633, Charles I appointed William Laud to succeed George Abbott as Archbishop of Canterbury. Under Laud, Arminianism flourished, replacing predestination with the belief that salvation was a matter of free will and could be earned in this life. This emphasised the authority of bishops rather than that of the scriptures, promoting church ceremony at the expense of preaching. Given the widespread suspicion of innovation, large numbers of moderate Anglicans rejected the Laudian reforms. Instead, they turned to the Puritans as the guardians of the predestination, scriptural authority and preaching with which they were familiar.

Whilst WFRP's distinct religious climate means that a direct adoption of these events impractical, they could be used within one faith, possibly a Law cult. Additionally, these events emphasise that the GM should keep in mind the relationship between scripture, religion and politics when dealing with the WFRP cults.

Anti-Catholicism

Many Puritans claimed that Laud and Armenians were attempting to reintroduce Catholicism into England by stealth. Catholicism was reviled as the whore of Babylon for its lavish ceremonies and its emphasis on free will rather than predestination. The images of the saints and of the Virgin Mary in Catholic churches were regarded as evidence of idolatry. Several events contributed to this paranoia: the attempt of extremists to blow up the king and parliament in the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, the reinvigoration of Catholicism in Europe during the Counter-Reformation, and the Thirty Years War of 1618-48. The conflict between Protestants and Catholics were seen by many as the contest between the forces of good and evil, in which the Pope was characterised as the Antichrist, who had to be defeated as a prelude to Christ's Second



Wholde mee hope here by:
Judged to Dethen Hall:
To be hanged by the necke in the,
for mye blame & ill dothe call.

Did you know...?

One reason for the popularity of Providentialist tracts was the large number of anecdotes they contained. These included, for example, that of Elizabeth

Earwacker who fell dead on appealing to God in confirmation of a lie, or Mary Adams, who named herself virgin Mary, and said that she was conceived with child of the Holy Ghost. On being cast into prison soon after, Mary was delivered of the ugliest, most ill shapen Monster that eyes beheld. These tales were designed to impress upon the reader the dangers of immorality and ungodliness. However, in an uncertain world beset by disease, crop failures and other natural disasters, a belief that everything was a pre-ordained part of the divine master plan provided comfort in the face of inexplicable occurrences. Such a belief is very useful in WFRP, and allows GMs to justify their PCs having a "destiny". The example of Mary Adams could also be an interesting one to use in an adventure. She may claim to have Sigmar's child in her belly, only to give birth to a mutant, resurrecting Ulrican claims of Sigmar's daemonhood once again (see the Sigmarite Heresy in The Enemy Within).

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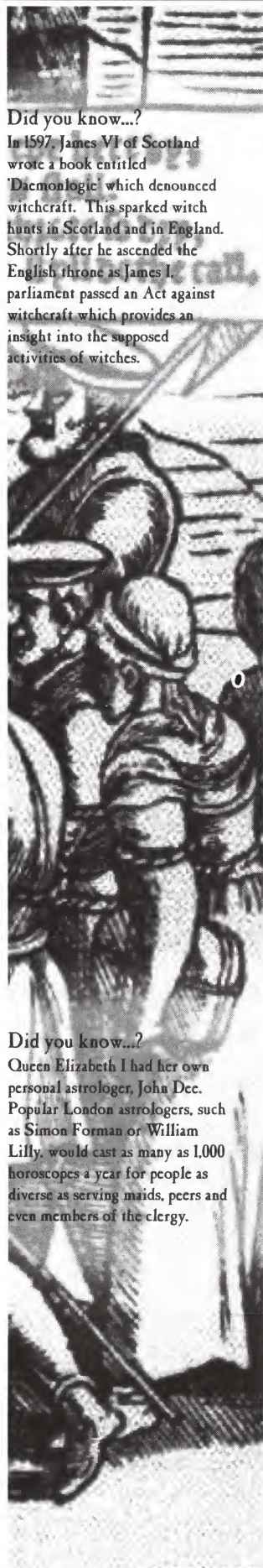
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Did you know...?

In 1597, James VI of Scotland wrote a book entitled 'Dæmonologie' which denounced witchcraft. This sparked witch hunts in Scotland and in England. Shortly after he ascended the English throne as James I, parliament passed an Act against witchcraft which provides an insight into the supposed activities of witches.

Did you know...?

Queen Elizabeth I had her own personal astrologer, John Dee. Popular London astrologers, such as Simon Forman or William Lilly, would cast as many as 1,000 horoscopes a year for people as diverse as serving maids, peers and even members of the clergy.

Coming. A steady stream of literature fuelled this Anti-Catholicism.

Such rivalries could be rife between the religions of WFRP, particularly between the cults of Ulric and Sigmar. Scenarios could be built around events like the Gunpowder plot or the suppression of new theologies such as Calvinism (obviously with a different name). This kind of religious intrigue will be especially convoluted given the sheer number of cults in the Old World, making the religious situation a very volatile one indeed. Much of European history has been shaped by the religious situation of the time. WFRP should be the same.

Providence

Closely related to predestination was a belief in divine providence that was shared, to a greater or lesser extent, by most people. Providentialism taught that nothing occurred by chance; everything was ordained by God. Thomas Beard's 'The Theatre of God's Judgement', which was one of a number of Providentialist tracts popular in the seventeenth century, put forward the view that God punished the sinful and rewarded the devout in this world as well as in the next. One of those influenced by Beard was Oliver Cromwell, who attributed all his successes and failures to the work of God. He described his victory at the battle of Worcester in 1651 as "Gods crowning mercy", and the defeat of his expedition to Hispaniola in 1657 as a just reward for his sins and those of the nation.

Millenarianism

Knowledge of the scriptures was far greater in the middle ages than it is today, and all parts of the Bible were accepted as literal truth. If anyone had questioned the reliability of Old Testament stories such as those concerning Adam and Eve, Moses, or King David, they would have been arrested for heresy and punished severely. Biblical examples were an accepted part of everyday conversation and were used frequently to support political arguments. The same ought to be true of WFRP's holy books and religious stories, and the GM should definitely detail the cults of the PCs patron gods to allow this aspect of early renaissance role-playing.

Millenarianism could easily be related to the advent of a Chaos Incursion occurring in the Old World, and would be whipped into a frenzy by events in 'Shadows over Bogenhofen' and 'Dying of the Light'. White Dwarf 96 details a group of "Neo-Millenarianist" agitators in Middenheim. These are the perfect example of this kind of belief, although it's more likely in WFRP that Millenarianism would be replaced by Incursionism.

Astrology

It was widely believed that the motions of the stars and the planets exerted an influence over the destinies of nations and the fates of individuals. Therefore, people consulted astrologers (perhaps a new career, or a job taken by wizards or Seers specialising in divination?) for advice and predictions on matters as diverse as romantic problems, business decisions, lost property and the chances of survival of someone who was ill. It is clear from the surviving records of professional astrologers that their services were sought after by people at all levels of society.

However, belief in astrology declined rapidly during the early renaissance in the face of new scientific explanations of natural phenomena. The replacement of the Ptolomaic system of explaining the universe with the Copernican system, and the discovery that the earth was a planet and was part of a galaxy of other stars, destroyed the mystique of the heavens and fatally undermined astrology, at least among the educated classes.

These theories were violently opposed by the Church, which relied on the Ptolomaic system for its religious cosmology. Any progress akin to this in WFRP ought to be opposed by the Cults. An astronomer like Vogelgesang from *Dying of the Light* could involve the PCs in an adventure along these lines. There are also many today who believe in horoscopes and astrology, which has met with an increased interest due to the recent New Age movement and the revival of Wicca (or witchcraft).

In WFRP, astrology could be used to add realism to the game.



It could also become a plot device for GMs who would like to give their PCs helpful predictions, or plots hooks to get them involved in something. Astrology as a part of Divination is something I hope to cover in-depth at some later date.

Religion in the Old World

My interpretation of Old World religion is that the gods are similar to those of the ancient Greeks. Because the Warhammer World has many different aspects, this has been taken to imply a plurality of gods. These gods are more like powers than persons. It is certainly the case that even the same god could have contradictory aspects.

Though the Old World religion is essentially polytheistic (Araby not included as it only worships one god - Allah according to WFB 3 or Ormazd according to the Warhammer Archives on the 'net), there is a tendency for regions to focus on one god. There is Taal in Talabheim, for example, or Ulric in Middenheim. This form of worship is called henotheism.

Another form of demarcation is over the nature of the tasks each god is responsible for. People may take a patron god that is most useful to them, but none of the gods are excluded completely from worship. People are too superstitious to want to fall out of favour with any god, and all gods are in some way venerated or respected (WFRP rule book p193). However, people being fickle, whichever god is the most useful at the time is the one that is worshipped. The gods are not worshipped so much for love as out of fear or expediency. They are always bribed or coerced or offered something in return for help, never just for the sake of piety (as any act of worship is always to keep the god on their side). Some feel so strongly about a god that they choose to champion him, or devote their whole lives to him. This results in a strong competitive force between cults, and though the sides respect each other, there will inevitably be atrocities and power struggles.

So it is in this atmosphere of religious struggle and intolerance that the cults exist. In spite of their factionalism, they still manage to hold considerable political and social power, and their impact on the lives of people in the Old World should not be underestimated.

These ideas should give GMs and players plenty of material to work with, all of which will help to make the WFRP experience more realistic and enjoyable. A number of ideas raised in this article could be developed further, looking deeper into these aspects of the Old World. Warpstone will be covering some of these in coming issues.

CAMEOS

Here we present the two winning cameos from our *Death on the Reik* competition back in issue 5. We start off with the runner up entry *The Man with The Bag*, followed by the winner *Between a Rock and Chaos*.

THE MAN WITH THE BAG

by John Clare

It is, of course, a dark and stormy night when Mateo Vasquez walks into the coaching inn where the PCs are enjoying a drink. He seems nervous as he casts his gaze around the room, heads towards an empty table close to the bar, and puts his bag down. It's a thick sack, tied with rope, and has a strange symbol burned into the cloth. This is a rune of containment, and the sack contains a small, vicious, and very unhappy daemon. Mateo knows what's in it. He's carrying it from a wizard in Middenheim to a colleague called Mario Montoya in Bilbali, a task for which he is being paid 50GC.

An immigrant from Estalia in search of work, Mateo has had little luck in the Empire, and his family is living in poverty. The 50GC would help them out of the slums. He speaks no Riekspeil, but manages to order a drink and sit down before the bag begins to squirm on the table.

Several people at the bar, slightly drunk, will start to ask questions of him - none of them are sure that they really saw the bag move (they often see strange things by this point in the evening...). However, with his poor grasp of the dialect, Mateo can hardly understand them, and just looks increasingly nervous.

Mateo wants to avoid suspicion. Mainly he wants the bag to stay shut because he fears the daemon, but he's at least as afraid of losing the 50GC. If faced with violence, however, his instinct for self-

preservation will overcome his need for money. He will back down and attempt to get as far away from the bag as possible before it is opened. If restrained, he will gesture and shout warnings as best he can, becoming increasingly frantic. At no point, however, will he actually admit to knowing that there is a daemon in the bag, as such a confession would mean hanging for sure.

Perhaps the PCs join in the persecution of Mateo. Perhaps one of them opens the bag, in which case the daemon attacks them once before scuttling off behind the bar. If an NPC opens it, they are horribly killed as the creature makes its escape. Another alternative is that the PCs may try to intervene to stop the bag being opened, trying to help the foreigner being 'picked on' by locals. Inevitably, though, the bag will be opened at some point in the evening.

Once the daemon is free, the adventure could go a number of ways. There could be a straightforward bug hunt, with the added complication of an inn full of innocent guests. If he can communicate with the PCs, Mateo will throw himself on the PCs' mercy, and explain his predicament. Mateo's family needs the money. Will they help him? For a cut or for free? Can the daemon even be returned to the bag? Perhaps the adventure could progress with the PCs either pursuing or escorting Mateo to Bilbali. Looking further ahead, what are the long-term implication of this chance encounter? Are the two wizards demonologists, or are they just misguided, believing that by experimenting on the daemon they will learn how to fight the threat of Chaos? And would PCs believe them, even if this were true?

BETWEEN A ROCK & CHAOS

by Paul Slevin

Background

This cameo takes place in a large village or a small town. I have placed this close to Altdorf, though this can easily be changed, so long as the action takes place on a major trade route.

Gotdz Hudrezig was born the son of a mayor of a small town. Having shown a flare for academia, He was sent away to attend university in Altdorf. However, Gotdz was too curious for his own good, and soon became embroiled with a minor Tzeentch cult, The Infinite Morning. When his time at the university came to an end, Gotdz was ordered to return home and set up both a new cult cell, and a safe bolthole for members of the cult.

Gotdz did just that, and now, five years later, he has a good-sized cult based in the town. All was well until a few weeks ago when he received a letter from the cult head telling him to consolidate his position by murdering his father and then taking his place.

The best way to do this, Gotdz reasoned would be through magic. So, Gotdz arranged to summon a Shadow Daemon. However, Gotdz had never summoned anything before. The ritual went wrong, and the Daemon will be free to do as it wishes after it has killed Gotdz' father. To make matters worse, Gotdz has had word that a witch hunter is in the area.

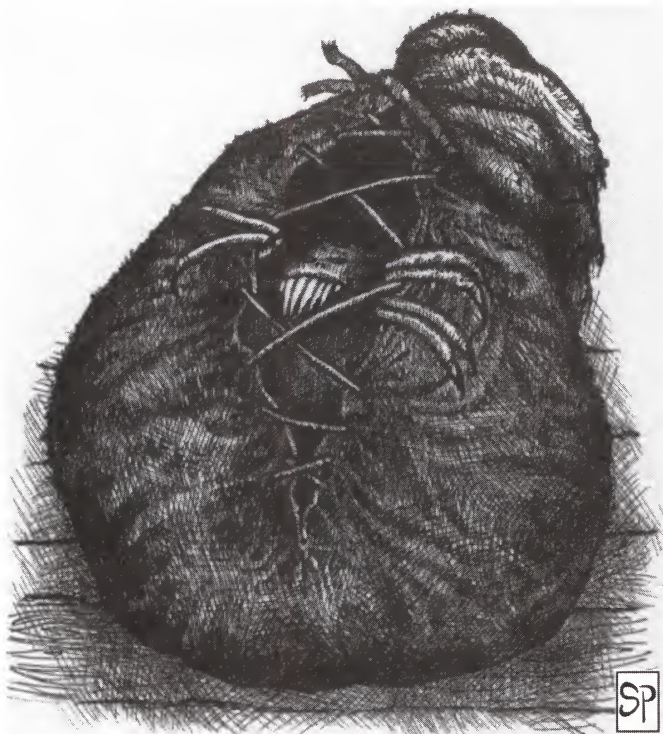
At this time of year, quite a few groups of adventurers pass through the village. Hiring a passing Protagonist to help him, Gotdz has arranged a series of events to incriminate the next such group to pass through the village.

The Plot Unfolds

As the PCs arrive in the village, they see a beautiful young lady, Karina Graue, the daughter of the local barber, being pestered by an ugly looking man. This is actually Kurt Mainz, the protagonist. He is obviously causing grief, when the girl's father, Erik Graue, a cultist, runs out of his shop to help. This has all been arranged, but Karina has no idea of this, and Kurt easily smashes Graue to the ground.

The idea is to get the PCs to help the young lady out. If they do Mainz will be seen to put up a tough fight, but has been ordered to leave the PCs with just a "few Scratches". He should have, and make use of, Strike to Stun. After a short fray, Mainz will flee.

After she has helped her father, Karina will bring him over to the PCs. He introduces himself, and offers his services as a barber as a reward. This is a



clever ruse to gain the materials needed for a curse spell. While they are in the barbers' shop, you might want to have Karina flirt with one of the male PCs.

If the PCs try to leave town, Erik will find them just before they do, and invite them for a meal that Karina is cooking for them. This will be very well prepared and totally innocent.

The PCs should end up staying in town overnight. That night a cult member, visiting from Altdorf, will cast a Curse spell on the PCs so they look like minor chaos mutants. One might have green skin for example. Also that night, the Daemon will kill Gotdz' father.

The witch hunter arrives the next morning. There have been several sightings of the Daemon over the last week, and people have told him so. He will also be anonymously tipped off about a group of Mutants, who managed to trick the innkeeper into letting them stay last night, and who were plotting to see the Mayor.

That day is the first day that the Daemon is free. It has sensed the presence of a Lawful entity (the witch hunter), and will attack him just as he approaches the PCs. It will look bad for the PCs if they don't help the witch hunter. If he dies, they will most likely be lynched. The Daemon will then hunt down Gotdz (he knows its name), then Karina (the only maiden of purity in the village). This event is best played after Gotdz has approached the PCs.

Gotdz will seek out the PCs and offer to get them out of their predicament if they help him destroy the Daemon, and promise never to return. If they agree, he will let characters with the appropriate skills to read the section of his spell book on summoning the Daemon. Gotdz does not know how to banish the Daemon but does know its name, and that there is a sword of one Axle Wullffskar, a minor hero from Norsica who died locally, hung over the fireplace in the Mayor's house.

The Ritual

Unless the party has some major spells or magic items, they will probably undertake to banish the Daemon by the ritual. Karina will agree to help provided they don't tell her the real reason for the ritual. The ritual is quick, and you may want your players to actually chant. If the party do not have enough numbers to make the circle with Gotdz and Erik helping, then masked cult members will make up the numbers.

The Aftermath

If the PCs help him, Gotdz will assume the roll of mayor, and explain to the witch hunter that the locals are too superstitious for their own good, and that his father recently wiped out a group of cultists hiding in the woods. He explains the anonymous letter as someone with acute xenophobia, and vouch personally for his "Old friends from Altdorf".

If the PCs refuse to help, Gotdz' new position as Mayor will allow him to help the witch hunter, or villagers if the witch hunter is dead, to persecute the PCs. He will then take a "Business" trip to Altdorf to sort out the matter of the Daemon. How and if the PCs get out of this one is up to you.

The Cast

Gotdz Hudzeig: Gotdz is in his early thirties, and appears pretty much average and forgettable. He is ruthless, cowardly, and, when it comes to Chaos, clumsy. He is willing to do anything which will not incriminate him further, including sacrificing Karina. He is totally uncaring about anyone but himself.

Erik Graue: Erik is in his late forties. He joined the cult three years after the death of his wife in a fire. He loves Karina - now his only family - greatly and would do anything for her. He is a good man and does not realise the consequences of the cult's actions. Otherwise he would leave.

Karina Graue: Karina is a stunningly beautiful young woman, who has just had her sixteenth birthday. She is complacent with the local men - they're all so ordinary - and will be attracted to any male human/elf PCs with a high Fel. She is a little naive, since her father is a little over-protective of her.

If any PCs start making advances towards her, Erik will object strongly. If they seduce her (which is quite easy - she is not very worldly), then Erik will have some of the cult members dispose of them in an unpleasant manner.

Herrikk Shnitval: Witch Hunter. Herrikk is a typical with-hunter, and is passing this way on his way back home to Altdorf for a short rest. He can't fight chaos if he's tired can he? He has no interest in the village, and it is pure coincidence that he is passing through the village.

The Shadow Daemon

Shadow Daemons (T'sami-K' cham'I-d'n'h) appear as humanoid-shaped darkness, as if made from shadows.

They can fly, and are vulnerable only to weapons of Law or Daemon Weapons of Malal & Nurgle. The particular Daemon in this adventure is called Uh-Haruua-ai'oo-u'l, though it is unlikely the PCs will discover this.

When a Shadow Daemon is summoned, it is usually bound and given a task to do, often to kill one or more persons, then to return from whence it came. After its task is completed it is free to do as it wishes. Gotdz failed to include "Return from whence you came" in the binding ritual, so after it kills his father, it can do whatever it wants.

There are seven ways to banish a Shadow Daemon:

- I) Kill it with a weapon to which it is vulnerable;
- II) Use a *Zone Of Demonic Nullification* in a place its task will force it to enter;
- III) A *Banish Greater Daemon* spell;
- IV) Kill whoever bound it before it completes its task;
- V) Complete its task before it can;
- VI) Sacrifice a maiden purity to Tzeentch, within ten yards of it;
- VII) Seven people stand in a ring and call out the Daemon's name seven times, while a maiden of purity stands in the centre holding the sword of a true hero.



THE ALTERNATIVE TROLL SLAYER

by John Foody

He was happy then. Perhaps for the first time. Happy as he ran down that tunnel, alone, into the coming horde and into death. Allowing us to retreat, his words followed us surface-wards: "Come on then, who's first...? Want some more of that...? Eh? Eh! SLAYERRRRR!"

Troll Slayers are one of the unique things in Warhammer. However, they are (to my mind) misunderstood. I don't mean in the 'I'm-a-mad-Dwarf, me!' way, but in the way they are portrayed. Too often they are played simply for laughs, an exaggeration of stereotypical Dwarf traits, with orange hair, of course. This article looks at the role of the Troll Slayer in both human and Dwarf society, as well as some of their attitudes and beliefs. In particular it looks at a way around the common path of Demon Slayer/Dragon Slayer advancement that has been put forward. In parts it may differ from the WFB canon, but as always, take the bits that fit with your campaign, and adapt or ignore the rest.

"He was always such a nice Dwarf..."

Dwarfen society is strictly regimented and its members are expected to live by certain rules. This cohesion is largely maintained as a result of the constant external threat posed to them. They are a dwindling people who are constantly at war. However, even Dwarfs living outside the realms of the Dwarf King, especially in the Empire, share these values. They look back at their spiritual homelands

and generally strive to live in the 'Dwarfish fashion'.

As an old saying goes, 'You can't build a collapsed tunnel again.' Dwarfen society does not forgive mistakes. Their many grudges and feuds would never have got started if someone had just said, "anyone can make a mistake". This is an understandable mindset from a culture where mistakes traditionally cost lives.

The extent of the beliefs that impinge on a Dwarf's life is so large that it is easy to let them slip. Such psychology also extends to being disgraced in such a way that the Dwarf believes they have lost face and are no longer a true Dwarf. However, being disgraced does not automatically mean that one must become a Troll Slayer. Ironically, it is those that have the most honour that take this drastic step. And it is a drastic step...

Troll Slayer!

When a dwarf believes that he has disgraced or shamed himself and his people, they may choose to become a member of the so-called Cult of the Troll Slayer.

This isn't an organised cult but a group

of individuals following an age-old set of rules. These rules are not passed down in any written form or in organised form of teaching but are enshrined in folk law and story.

When a Dwarf chooses to become a Troll Slayer it is often a sudden decision following many weeks of despair and wallowing. This usually takes place well away from others, as the Dwarf goes through the full range of emotions and comes to terms with his disgrace. They are traditionally supposed to destroy all their property except for their favoured weapon, which is left beside the hearth (this can be anywhere safe). Then, using dye, they colour their hair and sculpt it into spikes with animal fat. Their subsequent emergence into the world after this decision tends to be quite a shock for loved ones.

Becoming a Troll Slayer is the worst thing a Dwarf can do. They are declaring that they are a disgrace to their race and to themselves. With every action from now on they seek absolution. To many, this will come through death as they throw themselves into combat. For others, however, it is the first step on the road to becoming a Dwarf once more.

Most slayers are dedicated to following Grinnir, the Ancestor God of Warriors and Slayers. At Karak Kadrin stands a shrine to Grinnir and Slayers. Many slayers journey here early in their careers to publicly dedicate themselves to him and the Slayer ideals.



Society

Troll Slayers hold an odd and occasionally incendiary place within Dwarfen society. While they expel themselves from Dwarfen society, their elders recognise that they are in fact still following an age-old tradition of Dwarfdom. Slayers are seen to be rebelling against the rules of Dwarf society in a peculiarly Dwarfen way. To have a son follow the path of Slayer is an embarrassment to parents, many of whom consider their offspring to be already dead. The Slayers do little to discourage this attitude, and will cut themselves off from their family in order to disassociate them from their heinous misdeed.

However, Slayers remain a part of Dwarfen society, and are expected to conform to their laws. Officials do take their peculiar social position into account, however, and prefer to encourage Slayers to move on rather than attempt to punish or imprison them.

Most spend their time fighting in Dwarfen armies as irregular units. They are often used quite ruthlessly by commanders. Acting as a rearguard or charging the enemy centre in order to form a diversion. Of course, the Slayers are more than happy about this.

Human society is far more confused about Troll Slayers, not really understanding the psychology behind it all. Because they are so readily identifiable, many people recognise them on sight. Even if they have not seen one before, their description will have been passed down through stories and songs. Unfortunately, these stories are often greatly exaggerated and distorted. Nevertheless, humans usually view Slayers as unpredictable thugs. Arrest is unlikely until the point where they fall over unconscious. Most officials are too afraid to challenge them.

Dwarfs living in human society are in a particularly awkward position. Whilst they recognise the Slayers as a necessary part of traditional Dwarfen society, they become extremely irate when humans use them as the standard against which to judge the whole of their culture. Some Dwarfs who have grown up in the Empire have even been heard to comment that the Slayers' behaviour lowers the perceived standards of Dwarfishness.

"Live fast! Die Young!"

A number of ideas and images are strongly associated with the Troll Slayer. Some of these are assumptions that have grown up around them; myths passed around in human society.

The spiked orange hair of a Troll Slayer is his most important statement. It declares loudly who and what he is. He will therefore carry dye and animal fat with him in order to maintain the image. Jokes about vanity are generally ill advised.

The same reasoning lies behind the tattooing and piercing. His dishonour is being shown in a way that cannot be removed, as is his intent to resolve the disgrace. Each Troll Slayer has his own reasoning behind the tattoos. To some they are purely for display, for others a count of the number of days of disgrace, the number of dead, or even a pictorial description of his quest. However, the

first tattoo will always be Grimnir's personal rune. Tattoos will usually be drawn on by a Dwarfen tattoo artist, of which all major cities have a least one.

As the Troll Slayer no longer cares whether he lives or dies, or considers himself a member of Dwarfen society, his psychology changes. They desire to experience everything they can, trying to fill the gap left by their disgrace and drive the thought of it from their mind. They take everything to extremes.

The question of armour is also one that confuses many. Wearing a helm of any kind is a definite no-no. It would hide the hair, which misses the whole point. Shields are also seen as cowardly. However, they are acceptable against

for pleasure. The main motivation is believed to simply to block out their shame, while others are taken to enhance combat performance. These stimulants are widely available among the criminal fraternity in larger towns, the risks that dealing with Slayers brings often pushing prices up. Of course the Slayer often ends up becoming an addict.

A Slayer's death wish is the most difficult factor to play for both the player and GM. After all, a character whose answer to every situation is violence is going to prove very short-lived, not to mention boring. If this is the case, why take up adventuring? Why not just wander into the Badlands with an axe and an attitude? The answer has to be that the character is seeking to do mighty

deeds to redeem himself. For each individual the nature of this redemption will be different. Some of them *do* just wander into the Badlands, but others choose a more complex route.

Most Slayers are not simply seeking death. They are seeking a meaningful death. They also recognise the values of loyalty and friendship – dying for their comrades is a good way to end their journey; risking comrades' lives in order to throw away ones' own is unacceptable. However, anyone who calls themselves a friend to a Slayer ought to realise that this is an inherently dangerous position to be in.

Essentially, a Slayer may not act in a cowardly way; it is not in their nature. Remember, the fact they have become a Troll Slayer is because they are so honourable. A single slip has led them onto this path. Retreating from superior odds for a good reason is acceptable, as is being captured if it allows for a tactical advantage. However, Troll Slayers will never run from goblinoids or Trolls. Such an act would be an anathema to everything they believe.

Absolution

This article assumes that Troll Slayers have chosen this path looking for absolution from their disgrace. Troll Slayer and Giant Slayer form, between them, a long career path that will take considerable time to complete. At the end of this time the Dwarf will have faced death many

times and become the living embodiment of the Dwarfen warrior. He is ready to become a Dwarf again and rejoin their society. This was the reason he set out on this road in the first place.

After finishing the career of Troll Slayer (signalled perhaps by a dream or sign) he must travel to the Cave of Black Skulls, deep in the World's Edge Mountains, some miles North of Karak Kadrin. This is a dangerous journey through treacherous terrain; which the Dwarf must complete alone. Either they will find the cave or else die in the attempt. Outside of it sits two Cairns of skulls. Both are made of blackened troll skulls, although those of other creatures, including giants, can be seen here. Three Slayers then appear at the cave mouth, dressed in ceremonial armour and



the equally cowardly use of missile weapons, simply because they allow the Slayer to die in combat, rather than being struck down whilst running around on the battlefield. There are many debates about other types of armour. Slayers recognise their usefulness to society, and have no wish to throw their lives away cheaply. On the other hand, they are trying to atone through a valiant death. No hard and fast rules seem to apply; for most, wearing a mail shirt seems to form an acceptable compromise.

The excessive consumption of drink and food is simply one example of the way Troll Slayers do things. They are taking Dwarfen characteristics to extremes once more. Drugs, however, are another matter. One thing is for certain, they are not taken

weapons. Only when the Troll Slayer places a Troll skull on the pile is he allowed to enter the cave.

Inside the small dark cave, the walls are covered with many crude paintings. Axes hang from the ceiling, some broken, others rotting. The guardians say nothing, but beckon the Dwarf to lay down on the floor where he is tied to four stakes. They then ask the guardians if they have avenged the wrong they committed (or avenged the disgrace). The Guardian then speaks for the first time, saying that only the Gods can decide. Into the Troll Slayer's mouth a draft is poured, sending him into dark nightmares for days. Should the GM decide he has tried to live up to the ideals of the Slayers, he awakens outside with one guardian waiting by him, and is told, "you are not yet worthy – begone and fight Giants". They will, from that point on, be a Giant Slayer. If they haven't been worthy of the name Troll Slayer, then they awaken befuddled and weakened and must take some advances again before they return. (I recommend that they lose the 100exps and one point of strength.)

The same ceremony is re-enacted once the Giant Slayer career has been finished, although the skull of any large creature as tough as a Giant may instead be used. If the Giant Slayer has been well played (as judged by the GM) then the guardians tell him, "Fellow Dwarf, you have travelled far and proved your honour and Dwarfhood. Go now, and live." His head is shaved and he is led outside. The Dwarf's first journey is to travel back to collect the weapon he left at the hearth when he became a Troll Slayer. Once collected, the circle is complete.

No longer a Slayer, the Dwarf is once more a full member of Dwarfen society. Only a very few who start down the path of Troll Slayer ever make it this far, and they are treated with respect by all Dwarfs. Most continue in combat careers, often in high-ranking army positions. Although new hair grows back, the scars, tattoos and sometimes the jewellery remains as indicators of what they endured. Few ever find true peace.

"Kill! Maim! Kill!"

There are a couple of points that I would raise, rules-wise, in connection with Slayers. Firstly, I don't think a character entering the career should pay 100exps. Instead they must convince the GM that they have good reason for such a drastic change and that they fully intend to follow the ideals of the Slayer. I'd also recommend that each scheme is only completed if the player has fully completed some heroic and exemplary deeds.

For obvious reasons, Slayers should not suffer from Fear of Trolls. Similarly, Giant Slayers will be immune to psychology caused by Giants.

Stimulants & Other Drugs

The following drugs are popular among Slayers and can be found in most human cities, although they are illegal. They can be bought in Dwarf holds, where their sale is legal, but regulated, expensive and highly disapproved of. For rules on drugs in WFRP see *Middenheim: City of Chaos*.

Wyld

Distilled from a mixture of underground mosses and plants, Wyld is used to induce Frenzy. It is extremely rare outside the Dwarfholds and is poisonous to everyone but Dwarfs (for whom it isn't too good either), provoking extreme sickness.

On taking it, the Dwarf becomes frenzied, ranting, screaming and frothing at the mouth at the same time, whilst becoming immune to fear and reducing Terror tests to fear tests.

Type:	Stimulant	Price/Dose:	15GC
Dependency:	5	Addictiveness:	5
Overdose:	1	Duration:	1D6 rounds

Side Effects: Each time the drug wears off the dwarf may have a heart seizure. There is a 1% chance for each dose taken, and he will suffer 3D6 wounds. The drug also causes depression.

Dosage: Black square, chewed for effect.

Availability: Rare in Dwarfholds, Very Rare elsewhere (price x2)

Axe-Powder (aka Whack)

Related to 'Laughing Powder', this is believed by some scholars to have been used by Dwarfs for centuries, enabling them to fight for days. It increases the user's stamina but the usual penalties last twice as long (i.e. 2 days for each dose taken). A large amount of alcohol will double the Duration and also the penalties.

Type:	Stimulant	Price/Dose:	1GC
Dependency:	10	Addictiveness:	40
Overdose:	1	Duration:	4D3

No. Doses to Side Effects: 30+1d10

Side Effects: Gluttony, Alcoholism, Shaking, occasional paranoia

Dosage: Small crystals smoked in a pipe

Availability: Scarce

Dark Nite

Made from the leaves of a plant growing on mountains, this was traditionally used to help patients through surgery. It is often used by Slayers to help them forget.

Type:	Tranquilliser	Price/Dose:	2GC
Dependency:	10	Addictiveness:	25

Overdose: 15 Duration: 1D4

No. Doses to Side Effects: 2D20

Side Effects: Introversion leading to Catatonia, Agoraphobia

Dosage: Liquid

Availability: Rare

Hate

A nasty drug, rumoured to have been created by the Dark Elves. The version now in circulation is less effective but more harmful than the now-lost original. The taker becomes frenzied and subject to hatred against those it has animosity against. All Fear/Terror tests are taken with a +20 bonus. Each time a dose runs out the user must pass a Cool test in order not to take another. If it is failed and no more doses are available the user gains Hatred against everything. In addition, every five rounds spent under the influence of the drugs, a T must be made or 1 point of damage is taken because of the extreme heat the body is generating. Only after a successful Cool test is passed (after each 1d10 rounds) do these effects subside.

Type:	Stimulant	Price/Dose:	40GC
Dependency:	10	Addictiveness:	20
Overdose:	10	Duration:	1D10rds

No. Doses to Side Effects: 2D6

Side Effects: One insanity point per dose, Heroic Idiocy, gains one new Animosity each time

Dosage: Swallow grey powder

Availability: Very Rare

Author of Hogshead's forthcoming Dwarf sourcebook, Alfred Nunez, gives us his view on Troll Slayers

THE REAL TROLL SLAYER

Dwarf culture and psyche stresses honour and reputation above all else, and no Dwarf thinks of Troll Slaying as a "normal" career. In fact, the way of the Slayer is not so much a career choice as it is an act of atonement. If a Dwarf commits an act that leaves him disgraced, humiliated, or disowned by his clan, his only hope of redemption is usually an honourable death in combat against overwhelming odds. Shameful acts that could lead to a Dwarf becoming a Slayer might include failing on watch at an outpost allowing a murderous enemy to slip through undetected; committing a serious crime, such as burglary or murder, against one's own clan; and continued cowardly acts when faced with a clan enemy.

Once a Dwarf becomes a Slayer, there is no turning back. With few exceptions, Slayers continue on this road to destruction for the (probably short) remainder of their lives. Only rarely will a Slayer perform a momentous deed that restores his honour without also requiring his death. A deed like this should be something stupendous, like saving the Emperor from an assassin's blade or rescuing the High Priest of Grungni by single-handedly slaying a Greater Daemon of Khorne. His honour restored, the Dwarf regains his place in the clan. In fact, for a Dwarf, "honour" and "clan membership" are inseparable ideas.

For the vast majority of Slayers, only honourable death will remove their sin, and the death rate among Troll and Giant Slayers is very high. Still, there are a few survivors who find themselves in a dilemma. What are they to do when it seems they are unworthy even to die? How does this affect their already unhinged minds? Are there any drugs powerful enough to let them overcome this additional shame?

The Slayer's obsession with his failure becomes unbearable. This mania forces a surviving Troll Slayer to become a Giant Slayer. A Giant Slayer who finds no peace in death will seek out far more dangerous prey than mere Giants. But, simply adding the Dragon and Daemon Slayer careers does not convey the extent of a Slayer's shame, so the inclusion of insanity points is intended to add an element of madness to the unfortunate character.

Slayers are forever seeking their own deaths. Should the Daemon Slayer find himself still without honour, there is only one place left for him: the Chaos Wastes. Through some unknown means, the Daemon Slayer eventually realises that his continued life has marked them as "Grimnir's Chosen." His mission? Nothing less than closing the Warp Gates at the poles.

CHILD OF PRAAG

A short story by Stephan Passey

It began with early morning, the first placing of time. The streets then were cobbled, the stones all worn southwards, away from the slums, away from the nightmares at the walls, cut by eras of refugees into thrusting flinted teeth. I remember the dull grey mists, the thick fogs; the various shrouds behind which we hid. One could easily fall in the daily darknesses; I often saw them in the alleyways. Such visions, tints to an otherwise transparent childhood, the little subrealities indistinguishable from the conscious truth in its common absence. Our memories are told to us by liars.

The many dealt with these descents in different ways. Some saw the tiny droplets of water, carried on the air, trapped by cold - the lucky orthodox of science. Others perceived them as a veil before the eyes, or within the eyes, waking screaming in the rubbish, drunken by the gutters of the road. The true blind men, striding between marked obstacles, felt the fog only as a dampness on the skin, did not worry. To me it was also different: a chance to hide or to seek, to find or to escape.

Just what the journey was for I do not know; I may not even have known then. Only the accepted necessity of any journey having an end makes me seek it. Like any child-mind memories, I recollect abstract observations, the wandering eye of youth. There is no understanding there, merely brute image; I saw only what was real, despite my imaginative state.

The curtains of greyness gave the unhealthy surroundings a further pallor, and fed the slimy things that crawled upon the stones beneath my steps. Wraiths passed by, shades lost in the white shadow of mist, seeking their journeys' ends. I remember that I knew my whereabouts, I knew where I was going. It was the path that was unsure, concealed by northern breath.

A line of people trailed through the street: first figures, then shadows, then impenetrable fog. I noticed a

strange trick of perspective, that in the fog they appeared, for the most part, to be queuing across my path at a right angle. I saw as I approached that the truth was that they were ordered by height, the shortest closest to me, so that as they grew; their distance made them proportionally taller. Trailing away into the mist I saw that heights were about equal, the width of the dim line decreasing somewhat rapidly to the end.

I joined the queue. Perhaps it was my purpose.

As I attached myself to the end of the line I was followed by others - smaller boys who closed behind, dragging off into an indistinct darkness. I felt a part of something; it would have been betrayal to leave.

I was curious as to the reason for this queue in the middle of the emptied streets. I knew the way of things in that district, and I did not remember ration queues, or even the Tsar's soldiers, being there before. I decided to interrogate the slightly older boy ahead of me; the younger lads behind had, most probably, joined as I had done. I was given a strange idea of the nature of human curiosity in such a hostile, normally cautious, environment.

Hoping that he too had not joined out of a whim, I tapped the boy on the shoulder.

"What is it you want, brat?" he snapped at my hopes that he knew the line's end.

I asked him politely why he was here. As we spoke, the queue moved forward a few paces, wearing the cobblestones down a mote more.

"It's a fool who joins something he doesn't know about," he said. Those were words my father used to say. "It's to the end, don't you know?"

He didn't speak sarcastically at all - "It's to the end" - was plainly said. Everything in our day, those days, was.

He spoke again, "I've been here before." I could not

see then whether he was boastful or on the brink of a revelation. He turned to me with an odd smile. "I know your house - it's the one with the red shutters that creak mostly on weekdays, because your father only oils them on Beckertag."

I told him everyone in the neighbourhood knew that; he was trying to scare me. He grew a look as if I had just hit him, but then it wilted, and we stood turning our caps in the mist. As the queue moved he kept telling me things about himself, and about me - his knowledge was frightful, bitter in its presentation. I'm not sure how much older he was than me, since he was taller only by a slight degree and his face was indistinct in the mist. If I had had his level of intelligence then I would have seen the truth: we were all the same.

I questioned his sharp behaviour.

"In a few weeks father will die," he said, quite bluntly. I ignored it then, in the overall mystery of the event. Now I know his feelings, have known them day by day, yet I am never ready, I never took the chance to believe that the information was true. We moved on a few paces and the fog closed in like a blanket, sodden with icy river water. I lost the others, even those following me.

I only remember now.

The whole memory is clear, but useless. I can see the fragments of my life in line. They stretch behind me like a thin trail of ghosts, spirits of past people whom I am no longer a part of. I feel animosity towards some of their decisions, as my time descendant did in those first days of memory. I have no wish to inform them as back then.

There is only a wraith before me. It is a constant self, free from the chain of future lives. I take the step forward, and become a part of the great absolute.

It was to the end.

RUMOUR MILL

by Robert Clark

Once again I found myself travelling south for that annual Games Workshop experience, Games Day. Pen and paper in hand, I was determined to find out as much as possible about the future developments of all things Warhammer. I succeeded, but unfortunately I found myself completely unable to decipher the copious notes I made, due to a combination of exhaustion and notoriously bad handwriting. Weeks later, I've managed to glean a few details from this collection of heretical scrawlings...

Regiments of Renown

It appears that the future for Warhammer will involve the release of new regiments of renown, both in new army books (à la Dogs of War) and in White Dwarf. Each book will probably be themed around different areas of the Warhammer world. It was revealed that around forty regiments had been drawn up. Not all were going to make it to final production though. Some of these regiments were on display either as miniatures, as rules, or both, including Mudmen (south sea islanders), an Albion Druid and two giants (called Cruchoth and Bologs), Wood Elf Stag riders, Fishmen (I kid ye not, though Nigel Stillman may well be winding us up), a Black Orc hero, lots of Arabian stuff, Dwarfen Longbeards, trained baboons (another mad idea by Rick Priestley), The Mad Rasputkin, Amazons, something for Lizardmen, Norse Valkyries, Lumpin Croop's fighting cocks (Halfling poachers) & Hobgoblins from the Mournful horde.

I did ask whether Pygmies are now a possibility, to

which the reply was 'Yes, why not', though I've long since learnt not to trust everything Mr. Priestley says...

Brettonnia

Tuomas Pirinen made the point, while discussing the differences in background between WFB and WFRP, that "for WFB, the new direction Brettonnia has taken is a good decision, since they are so much more popular than they used to be. However, the older background is much better for a roleplay game." Nigel added, "well, the Bretonnians might view themselves in one way, but the outside world might see otherwise." I asked Nigel whether he would have a problem if someone wrote a book taking this angle, to which he replied, "I couldn't give a toss!" Ample ammunition for anyone wanting to have a go at writing a Brettonnia book without having to rigidly stick with the WFB dictum.

What the designers are up to

Tuomas Pirinen has re-written the Chaos Dwarf book, though it is yet to be placed on the production schedule. Apparently this is due to a problem with space in Games Workshop stores and the fact they can only hold limited ranges of miniatures. The new Chaos Dwarf book expands on the background, and has also jiggled things around a bit. Farside is back - it never really went away according to Tuomas, who says that the map was just misleading. This was also the case with the perceived domain of the Chaos Dwarfs, which in reality is much

smaller, not dominating the Dark Lands as was believed. Again, the Mournful horde are reintegrated into the background.

Nigel Stillman is working on a number of things, including new background and rules for the Khemri Undead. I've seen his draft and it looks quite moody, though it won't be immediately useful in a normal The Enemy Within-style WFRP campaign. This material will first appear in White Dwarf.

Tuomas has also been working on the Sylvanian Undead. Although the material has yet to be finalised, he has covered the origins of Vampires and some of their exploits. Tuomas is keen to make the Sylvania book, going under the name The Restless Dead, very dark. As Tuomas was largely responsible for the Dogs of War background section, I believe that we are in for a treat.

Rick Priestley is doing very little indeed on the design front. He seems to be concentrating more on the overall development of GW at the moment.

Other Stuff

The Black Library will be releasing a new range of novels next Easter, including a full-length Gotrek and Felix tale by Bill King. Epic Scale Warhammer is very close to completion (again), and could even make an appearance in 1999. It will be very different to EPIC40K in approach, and the scale will be larger.

And a final word of warning: never, ever ask the design team about female greenskins...

THE BLACK GATE

A complete scenario by John Foody

"I am the one whose words will lead you to eternal life. For in flesh is salvation"

Hans Otto Neinerten

This scenario takes place in four parts. It can be played straight through, but we recommend that other encounters and adventures be run between them. You could even include some of the shorter sections, such as part one, as part of other scenarios. All this will help create the impression of a coherent world in which matters develop irrespective of the PCs' influence. Even though the PCs do eventually come face-to-face with the villain of the piece, it is possible that he will escape. If this happens, GMs are encouraged to build on the plots developed here.

The adventure concerns a group who call themselves The Cult of Everlasting Life. They are small but spread across The Empire. The Cult has sprung up over the last twenty years, nurtured by its founder and leader, Hans Otto Neinerten, known to his followers as The Leberverkin. He promises immortality and power, a life free from disease and fear, a life in which they will be raised above the unworthies. All that the faithful have to do to achieve this goal is follow The Leberverkin's word. However, whilst these individuals may care little about what they do, they will soon find out that there's no such thing as a free lunch. Morr, as

the God of Death, is the cult's natural enemy but he is also central to its teachings. They blame him for death, and he therefore must be overcome if immortality is to be achieved.

Hans Otto Neinerten is a highly charismatic individual, with a voice that could turn homespun cloth into silk. Sadly he has put his talents to dark use. He is a necromancer who wants to achieve more than raising a few skeletons in a backwoods somewhere. He desires to create an army that will obey his every word. He encourages his followers to feast on the flesh of the dead so that slowly but surely they become ghouls, the pitiful Undead who haunt graveyards. These ghouls will then be his to control. His plan will take a long time to come to fruition but there is no rush: for he too is almost Undead. He has reached this state through the use of a powerful and dangerous magic item.

As the PCs come nearer to him, they will slowly become aware of his malignant influence. He has become confident enough to risk founding the first Temple of his faith. He also intends to try and open a mythical gateway (The Black Gate) to Morr's Realm, a plan that will enable the quickening of the corruption of the ghouls.

The final two parts of this adventure are set in Middenheim, with the second in Delbrez. Although any other town could be used in place of Delbrez, the Middenheim part takes place in

locations specific to the City, as detailed in *Middenheim: City of Chaos*, and is mentioned in the Player Handout. A change of location will require a little more work. Also, bear in mind that the PCs will not necessarily expect the presence of ghouls and so when they first meet them, they should be described descriptively for maximum effect.

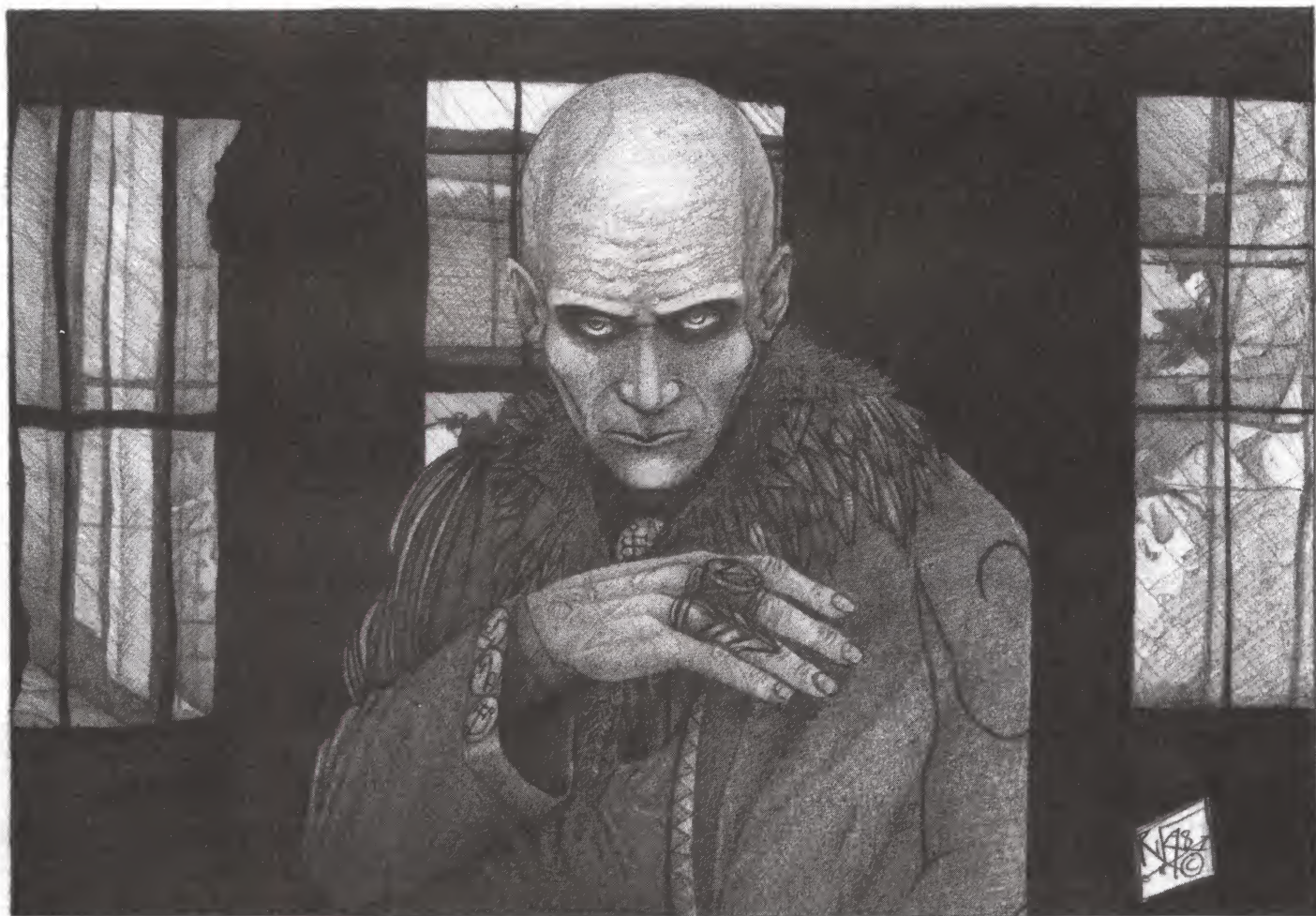


Part One



A Madman tells the future

This short encounter can take place in any population centre larger than a village and does little except set the scene. As they walk the streets, they see a man shouting to the passing crowd, who are nervously avoiding him. He is dirty, thin and ragged, a white beard the prominent feature of his face. No one is listening as he shouts and rants. He tells them that his lord will give them everlasting life as long as they follow him and his word. He has promised them the food of life and that those who eat from it will live forever. It is quite obvious he believes this. If he is reported to a cleric or member of the watch, he will be arrested.



However, nothing can be gained apart from his evangelical ranting. No one in town knows him as he has only just arrived from Altdorf. A PC who demands that the man be punished may will be able to have the man hung for his dubious ranting. Fear of the unknown and the insane will easily allow this happen.

The madman's ranting has no direct bearing on the plot and simply shows how far Neinerten's word has spread. Of course, PCs won't realise the significance of this encounter until later.



Part Two



A Hole to Fill

Part two is intended to take place at least a week after the PCs have encountered the madman. It should also be set in a completely different location – ideally, Delbrez. In this section, the PCs come across a problem that should show them the significance of the madman's ranting; they will also hear the name Neinerten mentioned for the first time.

On the morning they are due to leave town, a woman, tired and nervous, approaches the landlord of the inn they are staying in. He soon points her in the direction of the PCs. Her name is Margret. She is in her early thirties, and her clothes show her to be of lower middle class. On the verge of tears, she says that her father, Khristofer Ruy, has gone missing. He has been behaving strangely recently, locking himself away and preaching strange words at her. These have been about the corruption of the body and the food of life. He has been behaving like this ever since he met a man named Hans Otto Neinerten. She thinks the man was peddling some strange religion, and is worried that her father has fallen under his spell. She prays that he has not chosen to follow one of the forbidden gods. "My father has been weak since mother passed away." There is no reply from his home and his colleagues don't know where he is. She can only afford to pay the PCs 15GC for this one day's work. She will pay in advance.

Khristofer Ruy has fallen victim to the seductive words of Neinerten. At the time, he was depressed at his wife's illness and fearful of his own morality; this made him ideal for the purposes of the Necromancer. Ever since Khris has been slowly turning into a Ghoul. Under the influence of Neinerten's teachings, he killed his wife, but in doing so was overheard by Watch Patrol and forced to escape. He eventually collapsed exhausted in a nearby alleyway. His story that a creature attacked them and carried him off was believed. Now his mind has completely snapped and he desires to feast on the flesh of both his wife and daughter. The PCs may be able to save Margret, but her father is lost forever.

The Abattoir

Located at the edge of town, Khristofer worked here as a butcher, and has done so for thirty years. As they approach, the smell of blood and fear can be felt, and soon the cut-short calls of slaughtered cattle are heard. The abattoir is small, but big enough to supply those in the town that can regularly afford meat. Inside, carcasses hang from the ceiling, and blood trickles down into small trenches. A concoction of herbs burns on a brazier. Intended to keep the flies away, it also gives the

room a strange smell. A young man in a blood-splattered apron is hacking the head off a dead cow. He points them in the direction of the owner, Armin Blutgrupe.

A big muscular man, his head shaved to the skin, Armin will happily talk about Khris. Armin too has been worried about his old friend, and had to fire him recently for stealing. All he stole was meat, but he kept doing this even after he was warned. His behaviour has become stranger since the death of his wife, who died six months ago. They had both been sick with the Consumption at the time. "Something" got into their house and attacked them. It mauled her badly and carried him off. However, he was left in the street when the Watch gave chase. Armin knows the address of the house, and will also add that Khris frequents the Wynch & Whip tavern.

The House

Khris' house is small, the horn windows dirty enough so that they can't be seen through. All the doors are locked (CR+10) and the windows nailed down. Inside it is messy, and has a similar smell, but ranker, to the abattoir. This smell is worst in the kitchen where a dead raven has been left on the table. In the larder hangs a rotting sheep carcass, flies buzzing around it. What looks like a small shrine has been built in the main bedroom, the furniture pushed to one side. A black arch has been painted on the wall and offerings of meat and coins have been placed under it.

The neighbours all say that he has been acting strangely since the death of his wife, ignoring them and coming and going at all hours. His next door neighbour, a young mother, says that Doktor Krippen has regularly come knocking. When she last saw Khris he was sweating, and seemed nervous, saying 'he had been saved from the flesh by his word'.

The Wynch & Whip

At this run-down tavern, the landlord and patrons all know Khris. However, apart from saying, "he don't come in much now," or, "strange fellow," they know little. They will point them towards Karl, his best friend. Karl works as a night watchman for various buildings and is a bit of an old drunk. He says that whatever killed Khris' wife tried to drag him off too, but the city guards scared it off. He hasn't seen Khris lately. Says he was acting strangely before then anyway. He was weak after the disease but some travelling doctor, Hans Otto "something or other," had given him his strength back. When he had last seen Khris he had been heading to the Shrine of Morr, and seemed ill and confused. Karl called out, but Khris just looked straight through him and wandered off. Karl assumed he had been on the way to visit his wifes friend. Dr Krippen, an old friend of Khris has also been searching for him.

The dark clouds of the morning start to give way to rain. What begins as light drizzle soon turns into great sheets of water beating down. Nearly everyone gets off the streets and, unless precautions are taken, characters will get very wet.

Dr. Krippen

Dr. Krippen has been a friend of Khris since their days in the city guards. He is thin and distinguished looking, his face compassionate and intelligent. He is worried about the influence of

the man who has given Khris some strange and unwholesome ideas. He talked to the man and found him incredibly charming but completely evasive. The man left town soon after.

Krippen last saw Khris yesterday at the jail. He had been arrested for attacking Brother Turney, the cleric of Morr. The Sergeant said he had been ranting and raving but had calmed down on his arrival. Krippen thought he could look after him and promised the Sergeant so. However, when they entered the street Khris ran away and escaped down an alleyway. The Doktor has come to the conclusion that Khris now needs to be handed over to the care of the clerics of Shallya.

Shrine of Morr

The shrine stands outside town, just at the edge of the graveyard. The PCs need to tell the gate guards they are visiting the shrine or they will have to pay to get back inside. Brother Turney is still bruised from the attack, his forehead stitched after a nasty cut. Last night, he awoke to hear scratching sounds from outside. Picking up his sword, he went outside and found a man digging at a grave. He had shouted, and the man jumped at him, spitting and growling. They struggled together, falling back into the shrine. After calling for Morr to give him strength he threw the man into the anteroom, locking the door. He raised the city guard who came and took him away. The grave belongs to Marion Ruy, and he has restored it. It was only this morning when Sergeant Letzbyave came to visit him that he discovered the man had been Khristofer Ruy. He has been around a lot recently, even more than when his wife first died. If asked, he will say that one or two other graves have also been disturbed recently. Wolves frequently do this when searching for easy pickings.

By the time the PCs call on the watch, night is encroaching. The rain still lashes down but the dark sky is illuminated by the flash of sheet lightning, followed seconds later by attendant thunder. Any townspeople they meet will be calling on Taal to protect them.

The Watch

The Sergeant knows Khris from years back. Although they have never been friends it is not hard to tell that he's changed. Sergeant Letzbyave says Khris has been 'touched by the moon' (i.e. is mad) and seemed almost beast-like at moments. He ranted and raved until Dr. Krippen came, when he calmed down. He had been screaming that he would bring his family together again. He cried he would gain strength from them, then he howled. In a quieter moment, he said he had been saved. He told the Sergeant he should find Neinerten, who would lead them all out of slavery.

Questions about the night of Marion's death will have the Sergeant shaking his head from the memory. Even for a hardened man like him it was a disturbing sight. One of his patrols had been passing the house when they heard an inhuman scream. Kicking open the door they made their way upstairs to find the body of Marion half eaten, blood everywhere. In time to see a creature run off with Khris over his shoulder, they gave chase. They chased him for a mile but when they thought they were gaining, the creature dropped his captive and lost them. The men thought it was mutant, standing seven feet tall, with horns and huge claws. Of course this is a version of events distorted by

Khristofer Ruy

A loving family man, Khristofer's purposes in life were his family and work. He has lived his whole life in Delbrez, marrying Marion, a local girl, and raising three children. Two died in their early teens, and he became devoted to the youngest, Margret. He was a loyal and hardworking employee at the abattoir, and had the respect of his boss and fellow workers.

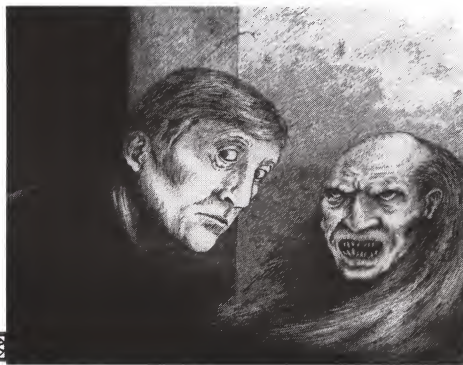
It all began to go wrong when the couple fell prey to the ravages of the Consumption (TB). All they could do was to lie in bed and wait to see if they would die. They both survived, but Khristofer's body was weaker than before and Marion was even weaker. It was at this time that Khristofer met Hans Otto Neinerten. The self-styled prophet preyed on his weaknesses, telling him how he could receive eternal and strong life. His preaching on the unfairness of the gods hit home. In his weakened state, Khristofer was easy prey.

Slowly, he began to slip into cannibalism, and his mind became unhinged. He tried to convince the dying Marion that she should follow him. When she wouldn't, he killed her and began to feast on her, but was almost discovered by the watch. At this point, he was still coherent enough to convince them that an unseen creature was responsible. He has become fixated that he can bring his family together once more. His thoughts have become warped and he is no longer logical.

When the PCs encounter Khristofer, he is not yet a Ghoul. His clothes are ragged and dirty, his hair greasy and rank. He is almost incoherent, snarling and hissing. His teeth have started to grow and sharpen and his claws are developing. However, he can still just barely pass as human. With the death of Margret, though, his transformation will be complete.

Khristofer's statistics are slightly higher than most ghouls as his insanity has lent him great strength. Additionally, the venom that ghouls secrete is not yet strong; failure of a T test when injured results in a -1/-10 modifier to the victim's profile instead of paralyzing them. Any skills he had have been lost with his mind.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
5	25	10	4	4	6	30
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	45	10	21	33	47	3



darkness, fear, confusion and imagination. Ruy's version of events confirmed this. However, it has become the expected version of events. The Sergeant didn't see the creature, only the mauled body..

Kidnapping

By this point, the PCs should realise that Khristofer is on the loose, and looking for the members of his family. Given that the daughter is his only living relative, they will hopefully rush across town to the daughter's house. Here they find the door standing open. In the hallway a man (her husband) lies unconscious on floor, blood trickling from his mouth. He is not in any immediate danger. The four children are screaming above. If someone goes upstairs they will hear a smash from the main bedroom. Entering the room they see what they guess to be Khristofer Ruy crouched on the windowsill, his unconscious daughter in his arms. His hair is lank, his skin wan and stretched, and his clothes are ragged. With sunken eyes wide and staring, he hisses at the PCs.

As soon as they approach, Khristofer leaps from the window and onto the walkway of the town walls. A flash of lightning illuminates him as he runs a short distance before leaping over the wall. If a PC wishes to follow they will have to either find the staircase, by which time he will be long gone, or attempt to jump across. It is 3 yards across and there is no room for a sufficient run-up (i.e. the character needs to roll above 3 on M x2 - 2D6 or take 6 -1D6 Wounds for the 3 yard drop. See WFRP page 75 for full rules).

A character succeeding in the jump will see that Khristofer has leapt down onto a cattle shed that has been built against the wall. The distressed cows inside screech and kick their stalls as he

jumps to the ground and bounds towards the graveyard, only occasionally lit by the lightning. It is raining far too hard for missile weapons to have any chance of hitting at this distance. A character leaping from the wall onto the shed takes 4-1d6 wounds and has a 10% chance of crashing through the roof.

Graveyard

Arriving in the graveyard Khristofer tenderly places Margret on the ground and then begins to claw at the grave of his wife. He does this only briefly before becoming frustrated. Grunting, he takes up Margret in his arms, and promptly rips her throat out with his teeth. He then feeds on her until he is full.

If the PCs challenge him at any time during this process he turns on them angrily and attacks them unthinkingly. He will fight to the death.

It is possible that the PCs will have been waiting in graveyard for Khristofer to reappear and wait to see what will happen. If they wait too long and Margret is killed in front of them, Insanity Points should be given.

Outcomes

The best outcome here is for Margret to be saved and Khristofer to be killed. He is completely insane at this point and death will be a release. If he is captured alive then the Doctor will try to have him sent to a Shallyan asylum. Brother Tournay, suspecting his true nature, will want the city guard to execute him quietly. The opinions of the PCs could well be the deciding factor in this incident. Either way, the Doktor and Sergeant ask the PCs not to sully Khristofer's memory. No information can be gained from the now incoherent maniac. If the PCs so wish, the Doktor will talk to Margret

about what happened to her father.

If the PCs didn't make it to the graveyard on time, matters can be resolved in two ways. Margret can be killed and eaten, with Khristofer haunting the town, feeding on the dead. Otherwise, he will be discovered by Brother Tournay on his nightly patrol and slain.

Although the PCs have now heard the name of Hans Otto Neinerten, his plans remain vague. Also, his trail seems to have run cold. If you wish to provide a clue to his destination of Middenheim, a clerk at the Coaching Offices remembers him and points them in his direction. Otherwise, simply wait until the matter is forgotten by the PCs as they continue their adventuring, and wait for the moment of revelation as they finally link part three to these earlier events.



Part Three



The final two parts of the scenario take place in Middenheim and concern the plans to dedicate a Temple to Hans Otto Neinerten. The dedication will revolve around the opening of The Black Gate, a mythical portal to Morr's realm. To achieve these goals the cultists need to gather enough corpses to feed upon, including the corpse of a Cleric of Morr. This is a symbolic gesture, showing that Morr has no power over them.

Body Snatchers

The PCs are asleep in their inn when one of their number is woken by the watchmen calling 'three o'clock and all is well' from under the window. The night is cold, and around them their friends snore happily away. As they try and get back to sleep a cry is heard. In the house opposite the PCs window, shadows can be seen moving behind a curtain. Through a window a lamp moves and then falls to the floor.

Five cultists of from The Cult of Everlasting life are stealing the dead body of an old woman who has been lying in state, waiting for her family to arrive from Marienburg. Morrspark has become too risky recently (see below) so they are stealing bodies from other locations. If the PCs go to investigate, they will not have time to put on any armour. At the house, a woman, obviously woken from her bed, is screaming that her mother "has been stolen". Down the side alley five figures can be seen scurrying off with a bulky shape carried between them. With a good head start on the PCs, they turn into an adjoining street. When the pursuers arrive, they see nothing. However a successful I for everyone with M4 or greater sees a manhole cover closing (Excellent Hearing will allow a PC to hear a faint metallic ring).

Into the Sewers, once more...

If the PCs follow, they clamber down into the dark sewers (without light probably) and see two torches moving rapidly away from them. Should they pursue and gain on the Cultists, two of the five are ordered to kill their pursuers. The pair turn and grin, calling, "Prepare to lay down your lives, for we cannot be killed for we are the blessed!" ("Wanna bet?" will probably be the answer they get.)

The party should make short work of these two but the delay has allowed the others to escape.

Should one be captured alive, he will refuse to talk. Torture will get him to spout Cult nonsense about the coming of the saviour, salvation through flesh, overcoming mortality and the like. Both of them are local traders and will be hung should be they handed over to the local authorities. One wears a brooch of a raven being crushed by mailed fist. This is the cult brooch (Player Handout One).

Investigating

Intrigued players will get little satisfaction from their enquires. The daughter of the deceased is distraught and, unless a PC remains with her, will have summoned the Watch. She heard a noise from downstairs and, sneaking down, saw the hooded men running out of the house, her dead mother roughly handled between them (one leading, the others with a limb each). She died of old age some three days earlier after weeks of being bed ridden.

Talking to the watch will reveal plenty of stories about increased incidents of body snatching from homes and from Physicians. Further investigation reveals that there is no particular pattern to who is being taken. Most rumours suggest that necromancers and demonologists are involved. Knowledge of each death was widespread in the relevant neighbourhood.

The most likely destination for the PCs is the Shrine of Morr, located in Morrspark. Here they receive confirmation that the number of disappearances has indeed increased recently. However, robberies from Morrspark have decreased in recent months. Other than this they will learn no more, although they may get the feeling the Cleric is hiding something.

Indeed, the Cleric is hiding something. They have learnt that a Champion from the Cult of The Running Sore (followers of Nurgle) has arrived in the city and has dark plans involving Morrspark. The Clerics have their hands full protecting the catacombs filled with the dead. They are keeping very quiet about this. In part this is because the Champion escaped from their brothers in Nuln, some months ago. This has little relevance to the plot of this adventure, except to remove the Clerics from some of their standard duties. They have been investigating the missing bodies, but this new threat has been given higher priority to their undermanned local presence. The Clerics of Morr are unaware of the existence of the Cult, believing that ghouls are an evil but unorganised presence.

is arriving to consecrate their Temple. This, they believe, will quicken their own immortality. Many of the Cultists have not actually partaken in cannibalism yet, slowly being indoctrinated into the ways of the cult first. However, they have all been involved in stealing corpses, to the extent that

task but that the cult (he looks pained at this point) simply cannot spare the men to deal with it. The Watch has been alerted but seem more interested in other crimes.

Brothers Reginald and Octavius were on guard in the shrine the night that the body was stolen.



Player Handout One

they are afraid to go against the cult for fear their involvement is revealed. The sentence for such a heinous crime is death. Apart from this fear most of the Cultists are weak and cowardly individuals, who feel they have been dealt a raw deal by fate and the gods. This is precisely why Hans Otto Neinerten chose them.

Summoned

Early one morning, a young initiate of Morr approaches the PCs. Barely more than sixteen, he nervously asks if they would come with him. He says that the senior Cleric of Morr, Albrecht Zimmerman, wishes to talk to them. How the PCs have come to the attention of Zimmerman is up to the GM to decide: they could have been recommended by a previously satisfied client, or may simply have drawn attention to themselves by asking questions previously.

They are taken to the parochial house, opposite the Shrine of Morr, where the Clerics live and perform part of their duties. Here, they are met by Brother Erwin Schmidt, who informs them that Herr Zimmerman is otherwise engaged at present. This middle-aged Cleric looks tired; his hair is scruffy and his robe crumpled. He thanks them for coming so promptly and asks them to excuse his appearance. The Temple wishes to hire the party to execute a task, one that must be performed with delicacy and tact. Of course adequate payment will be made. If the PCs concur he will continue.

He wishes the PCs to find a corpse that has gone missing from the shrine. Looking embarrassed, he informs them that the deceased was Brother Schaad, a long-serving Cleric of Morr. Two other bodies lying in state were defiled and their hearts stolen. It was clearly the work of a skilled surgeon. He says that it is very important

Octavius is currently on duty in Morrspark and Reginald is recovering from his ordeal at the Temple of Shallya.

The Cultists mounted a raid on the shrine to steal the body. They then proceeded to desecrate the holy building with the mutilation of the other bodies, although their hearts have a part to play in the ceremony. The death of the Cleric was seen as a fortuitous sign, sent by the Leberverkin to herald his coming. The theft and devouring of the cleric's body is symbolic, showing their power over Morr.

Brother Octavius

An ageing and bitter man, Octavius is to be found sitting among the tombs, a box of tools at his feet. In his hand is a bottle and he well on his way to being drunk. He claims to remember little, saying someone he didn't see knocked him out from behind. He has the bump to prove it and has nothing else to say.

In fact, Octavius is feeling highly guilty. He was in fact paid for the information about the location of the body and where the guards would be that night. He has also been paid by the cult before, for telling them where new corpses were located.

Middenheim Locations

In the scenario various locations in the city can be found in the Middenheim sourcebook. Page numbers for these are as follows;

Dwarven Engineers' Guild	pg 45
Physicians' Guild	pg 36
Shrine of Morr	pg 47
Temple of Ulric	pg 35
Temple of Verena	pg 35
Wizards' & Alchemists' Guild	pg 45



Part Four

Cult of Everlasting life

The members of the Cult of Everlasting Life in Middenheim are excited. Their Lord and prophet

Brother Reginald

Arriving at the Temple of Shallya the PCs will have to ask to see Brother Reginald. The Sister who takes them in to see him explains that he is still shaken after having been bitten. He may lose his leg, as the dog-bite seems to have been infected. This young cleric is awake, but is sweating and uncomfortable. He was standing watch in the shrine when at least six or more men rushed out from the shadows. They hardly spoke but hissed and laughed. One was a tall and pock-marked Norscan-looking man; another was small, dark and weasly. Two of them wore hooded robes. One of these carried a black bag adorned with a "crossed pair of funny knives, I think they were". This was in fact a crossed pair of scalpels, the sign of the Physicians' Guild. The only words he remembers spoken where when the tall man said, "after this we shall be honoured by the Leberverkin. He will allow us to cut the wood." The other snapped at him, "By the gods, shut up about it". If shown the 'crushed raven' brooch he will say he is not sure that he remembers it, but that one of them may have possibly worn such a brooch.

Another Madman

As they leave the temple they hear shouting from a barred window. "Your body will feed the lord and he will lead us to eternal life." This is another mentally unbalanced man, whose belief in the words of The Leberverkin finally sent him over the edge. He has been handed over to the care of the

Shallyans. If they wish to see him, they will be discouraged. If they insist they will be taken to a large out-of-the-way room. This is filled with a dozen men and women whose minds have gone. They are all dirty and ragged, showing various signs of severe mental illness. The madman is incoherent and does nothing but mutter to himself, occasionally shouting "He will lead us to eternal life". If a character bends down to listen to his mutterings the man will attempt to bite their ear off.

The Physicians' Guild

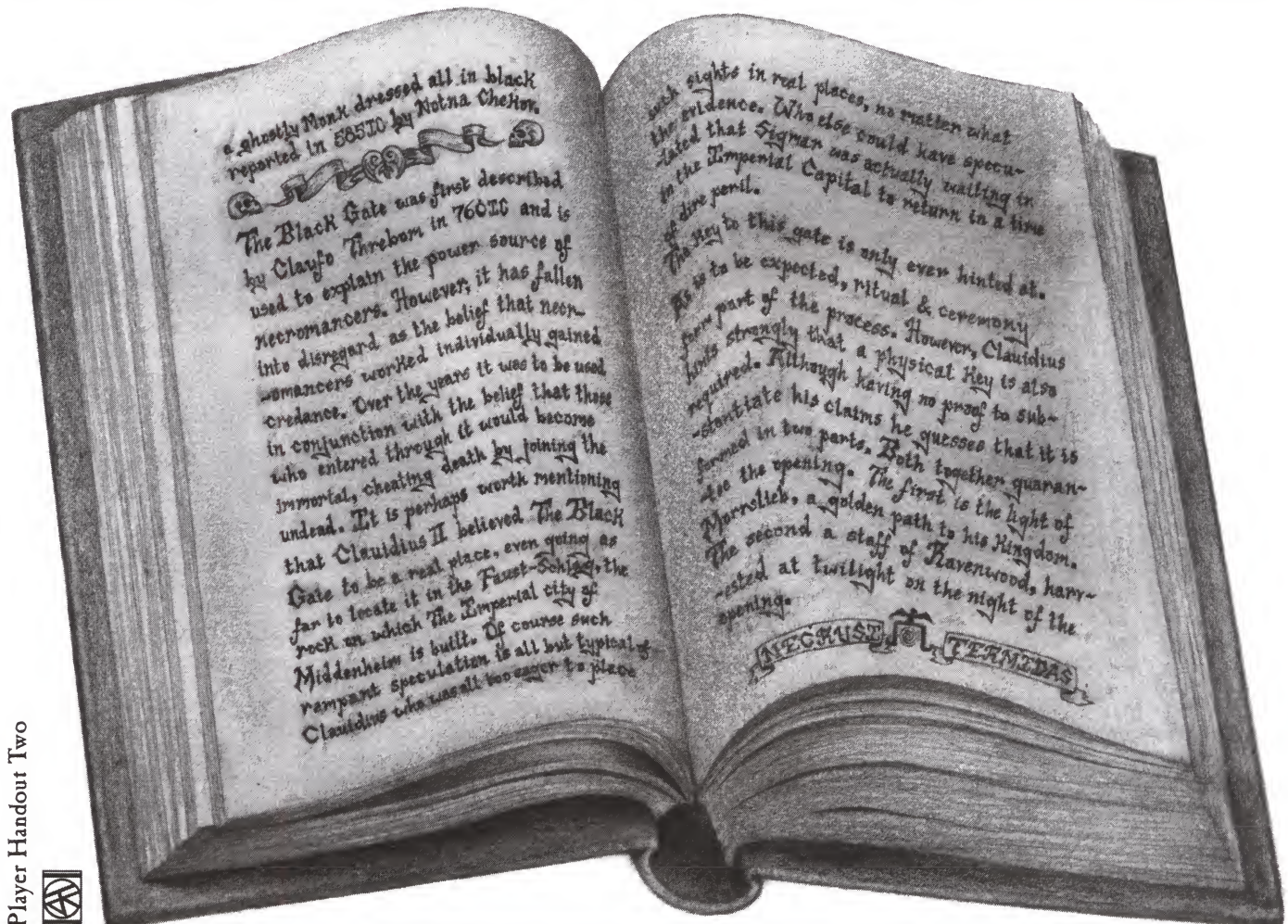
Located opposite the temple of Ulric is an impressive building faced with Marble. Inside the PCs are met by a bored Clerk who is expecting them to make a complaint. If they ask to see someone senior they will be told to wait until the Senior Clerk available. After an hour's wait they will be shown in to see him. However, when they explain the situation the Senior Clerk will also ask them to wait, and then leave the room. They will then be shown into a far more impressive office, where they are asked to wait once more.

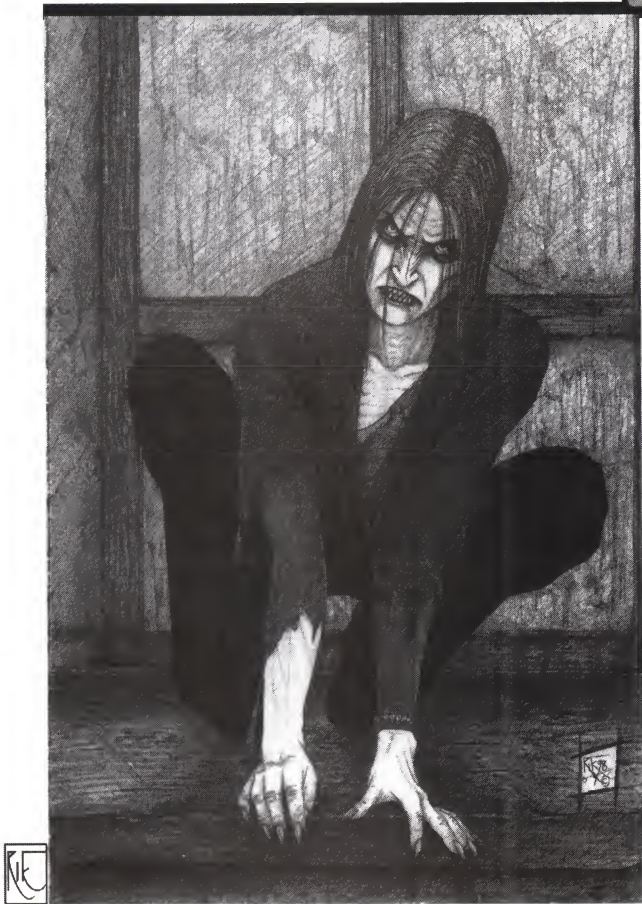
Another hour later Alfonse Calpaldi, a Senior Guildsman, enters the room. He shakes their hands as he introduces himself. One character will feel his hand and arm go slightly numb, thinking perhaps Alfonse has a stronger grip than shows. (In fact it is the first stage of his Ghoulish venom.) He spends the conversation staring at any female member of the party (although for a different reason than they might imagine). If they explain

the situation, he looks shocked and saddened. He says many Physicians carry their instruments in such a bag. He cannot think of who would perform such a deed but he volunteers to consult the list of members. He opens a cabinet door and offers them a glass of brandy. After these have been poured he takes out a scroll and returns to the table. As he looks down at the names on the scroll he begins to ask general questions about the PCs.

After a couple of minutes there is a knock at the door and a clerk enters. "Herr Calpadi, your patient awaits". Alfonse looks up and says, "I shall attend in a moment." He looks down at the list and then his face lights up. "Ah! I am a fool. Why did I not think of this before? Only one physician has been known to carry out such horrible experiments. Karl Nugeon. He has long been suspected of such deeds, but although he is believed to carry them out in his house, proof never been found. However, it was felt appropriate to bar him from the Guild." He supplies Karl Nugeon's address and entreats the PCs to pass on any proof, should it be found, so that appropriate measures can be taken.

Alphonse is in fact the leader of the Cult in Middenheim. Nugeon is his bitter rival. This has long been both a personal and professional rivalry. Over the years Alphonse has grown to despise Nugeon, who suspects him of selling bodies to Necromancers. This is the eve of his great triumph, and Alphonse wishes to make it complete by finishing off his rival. However, simply murdering him would not be enough. If the truth





for the dedication. These victims will make fine meals.

PCs searching the surrounding area will only find the remains of the two shattered glass vials.

A variety of answers will be gained from talking to the crowd. When PCs talk to those from the upper and middle classes they will hear only compliments about the Physicians and their great charity in taking in the afflicted 'no matter their status'. Meanwhile their poorer fellow citizens are somewhat more cynical claiming 'they must be getting something outta it. Doc's don't even look at you for nought'. The Clerics of Ulric will be diplomatic and evasive, simply because they are far too busy to talk, beginning their investigations in to what happened.

Karl Nugeon

This disgraced physician has long been a bitter rival to Alphonse Calpadi. The night the PCs are sent to him is the night that Alphonse has decided to finish their acquaintance. Members of the Cult have taken back the stolen book, wrecked his house and left him with a small gift. Returning home he found the book missing and despaired. He sent his servant, Rico, out to look for some adventurers or other such

low-lives that could get the book back for him. Meanwhile, he opened a bottle of Bretonnian brandy and waited. Outside a cultist saw he had returned and set off to inform the watch that the Doktor had been performing his evil experiments. Unless the PCs take a long time at the Temple they will arrive just before the watch does.

Whether or not they believe Rico, the PCs should be starting to become suspicious of Alphonse, although it's obvious that they currently lack any proof of his apparent misdeeds. Asking around about him will enable them to gain some of the information from *The Cast* section below. Otherwise, they need to resort to the time-honoured tradition of breaking and entering. Although Alphonse believes he has disposed of all incriminating evidence, there are still traces to be found.

Alphonse's House

Alphonse lives in a middle-sized town house in the Ulricismund district, not far from the Guild House. A small statue of Shallya stands by the front door. Two elderly servants maintain the house, both usually leaving after Alphonse has retired to bed. However, tonight they are leaving at dusk as Alphonse has told them he won't be home. The house is filled with expensive furniture and is well maintained.

Hallway: An Inscription upon the wall reads:

Through Knowledge can we maintain Life & Health. This is a standard motto, as a physician or a physician's student will recognise.

Bedroom: A Cult brooch has fallen under the bed.

Small Library: Books & pamphlets on medical matters. Most of these are actually the property of the Guild.

Study: In the desk there is an appointments ledger. Yesterday's (or the day before the PCs where retained) entry reads - 50GC Pay O. Today's date says, 'Guildhouse, stage two. Chk with Keppelmull to find number needed. The Leberverken due.' Tomorrow's says, 'Dedication'. In the margins he has scribbled Karl's address and 'the black gate'. A ripped out journal page has fallen behind the desk: "Feel stronger & fitter than ever but the su."

The entries in the ledger give the PCs enough hints to confirm that Alphonse is up to no good. The reference to "O" refers to Brother Octavius. The mention of The Leberverken hints at his importance. Stage two is the spore attack and the reference to the Dedication gives the PCs a timescale.

The Physician's Guild

That night twenty victims (who are all still alive) of the spore attack are drugged and then kidnapped by the cult. They are to be killed in preparation for the forthcoming ceremony.

After dinner is held at the Guild house, Alphonse, and a fellow physician and cult member, dismiss or drug the staff on duty. Once they made sure the doors are locked and the windows shuttered, they nervously await the arrival of two loyal accomplices. Once assembled, the four men carry the, already drugged, bodies down into the cellar. Here a heavily barred door into the sewer is opened and the bodies are placed on a narrow barge. This has been hired for the night from a group of local criminals, two cultists guiding it through the dark. Once the six men have finished the dark deed the door is shut and the four return upstairs.

The barge is pushed slowly through the effluence, a lantern lighting the way. Soon they see

be told, Nugeon forced Alphonse's hand by stealing an important book from his library. This theft worried Alphonse, and after that he made sure that he had no incriminating evidence in his house or office.

The Attack

This event can take place after the PCs leave the Guildhouse, or perhaps later if they are simply watching the building for some reason.

The street between the Temple of Ulric and the guildhouse is busy with passers by, visitors to the two buildings, pilgrims, etc. Everything seems normal when a sudden scream causes everyone to stop and stare. From down the street floats a red cloud. Those caught in it cough and stumble. Some scream that they have gone blind; others collapse to the ground. The cloud is made up of spores from a form of Red Fungus (WFRP pg. 237). PCs who go to help straight away must make a T test at +10. Failure means they go blind for 1D6 hours, whilst failure of 30 or more results in unconsciousness. The cloud clears after a minute or so, leaving behind a sea of frightened people in pain.

It is not long before the people are being helped into the Physicians Guild, who "as a sign of compassion" take the afflicted inside to be tended. Overseeing all this is Senior Guildsman Alphonse Calpadi. If the PCs stay and watch, he will be seen talking to Clerics from the Temple, whose followers number among those taken into the Guild House. His answers obviously don't please them, as there is much shaking of heads.

The attack was caused by members of the Cult of Everlasting Life smashing vials of the spores onto the ground and running like hell. Alphonse intends to have a goodly number of fresh corpses

low-lives that could get the book back for him. Meanwhile, he opened a bottle of Bretonnian brandy and waited. Outside a cultist saw he had returned and set off to inform the watch that the Doktor had been performing his evil experiments. Unless the PCs take a long time at the Temple they will arrive just before the watch does.

The door to the house swings open and revealing furniture, clothes and books strewn about the floor. Sitting at a table in the middle of the floor is the Karl, drunkenly sleeping. An empty bottle of brandy sits on the table next to him. He is completely senseless and cannot be woken. If they search the house they come across a wooden box, sitting on the floor. Inside is a fresh human heart.

Soon after they arrive Rico returns. Bravely he challenges the adventures and, when introductions are made, he thanks Shallya. A little while later the Watch arrive with the intention of hauling Nugeon off to Jail. If the PCs hide the heart and indulge in some fast-talking, they can convince the Sergeant that the Doctor has been the victim of scurrilous rumours. Either way, Rico will be left to tell the story. If Nugeon is still free, Rico will get him to bed.

Rico is willing to tell his story to whomsoever will listen. Nugeon and he returned from visiting the Temple of Verena to find the house wrecked. Some important papers have been stolen from him, including a valuable book. He tells that Karl has been investigating Alphonse, believing him to be involved in selling bodies to necromancers, and perhaps of performing experiments on them himself. It seems a number of bodies have gone missing recently. Rico suspects Alphonse tried to set him up, to discredit him. Karl had stolen a book from Alphonse titled, 'The Death of Man - A joke of

two torches in the distance. These are two fellow cult members awaiting their arrival. One knocks loudly on the sewer wall and the panel opens out, the light from a lantern seeping through. One of the cultists then take his cap off and places it over one of the unconscious victim's face until they stop breathing. Two of the others than wrap the corpse in a white shroud before passing them through to Brother Octavious (for it is he!). There is no danger of being discovered as this area is under the Cleric's protection this night.

Alphonse Revealed

If Alphonse is discovered at any stage he will attempt to go to ground. He will make no attempt to warn any of his comrades or to collect any of his belongings. His primary loyalty is to the Leberverkin and the imminent ceremony.

Sobering Up

At some time during the night the half-drunk, half-hungover Karl Nugeon will awaken. If PCs are wounded from encounters with the cultists he will

gladly offer his services. If he is in prison, they will be able to see him after bribing a guard or two. His hate of Alphonse Calpadi is obvious, his personal animosity overriding his distaste of what he believes the Senior Physician is up to.

After reading passages from the stolen book, "a foul, blasphemous tome, not to mention badly written", he has changed his mind about Alphonse's dark ambitions. He suspects that he has taken to the path of necromancy and is himself experimenting on the corpses he steals from the Guild House. The book argued that it is only a whim of the gods that forces us to die, for if they so chose we could live forever. It specifically saw Taal and Morr as the enemy, as they both promoted death, in Taal's case as part of a circle of life. The book contained a curious mixture of anti-Morr sentiments and Law-inspired values, stating that to those chosen few who found the true path life would never change. The author spent some time theorising on methods of cheating the gods. However, he only read part of the book, afraid for "my mortal self" to read it all.

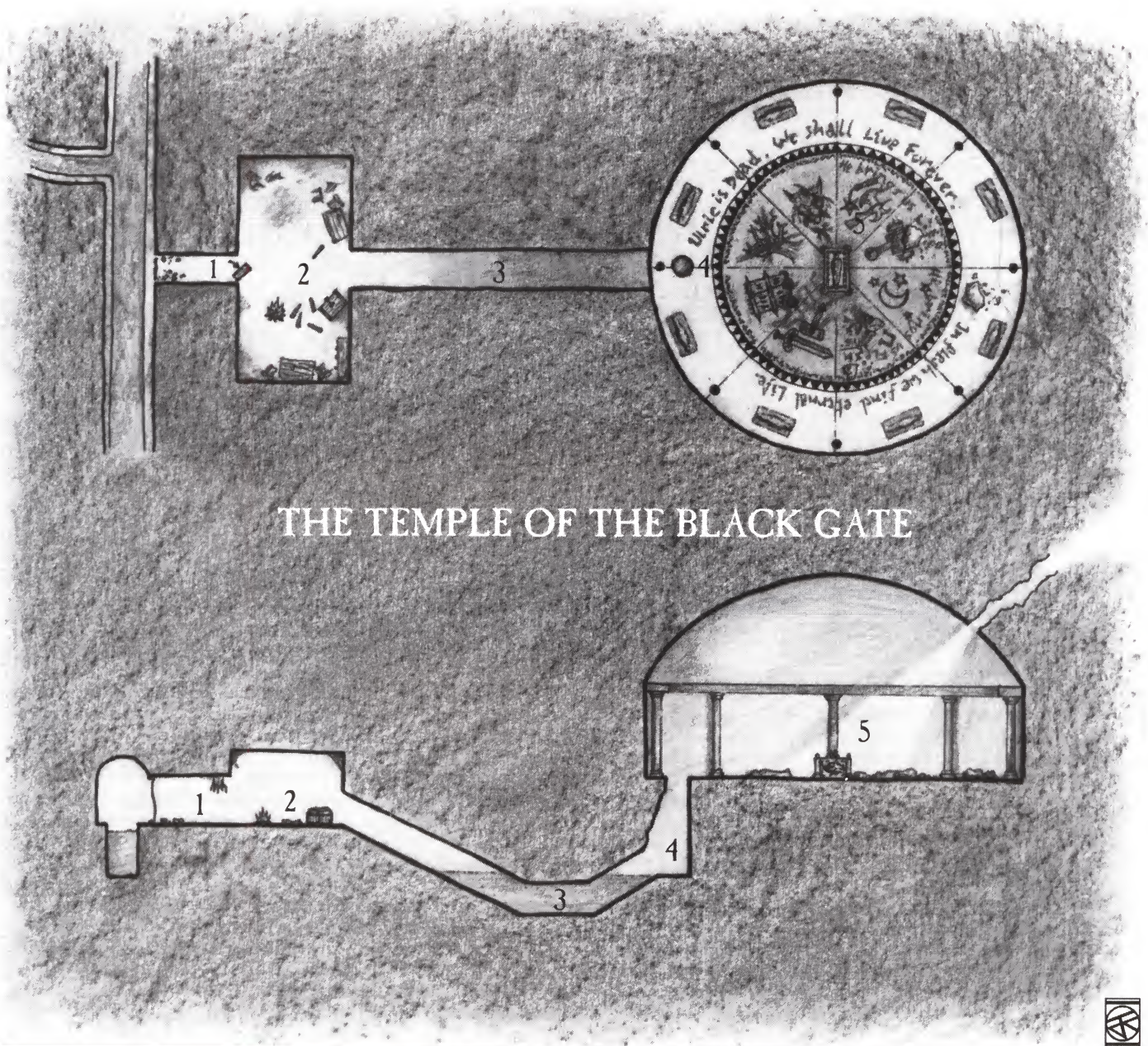
The Black Gate

If asked about The Black Gate, Karl will say that the book did mention such a place. It was said to be a Gateway through which the dead return from Morr's realm. That is all he knows. To find out more the PCs need to go investigating. Some of the more likely locations they may visit are listed below.

Shrine of Morr: Any cleric will be able to tell them that The Black Gate is said to allow access to Morr's realm by those wishing to travel through it. It is seldom referred to, and does not necessarily have evil connotations.

At the **Temple of Verena**, after hours of searching through their library (for a suitable donation of course) the clerics will locate the vital clue. In the thick tome, "Myfiteries of ye Old World", they find the only reference (see Player Handout Two) to the Gate.

The Black Gate was first described by Claufo



once bricked up and has recently been smashed open. The floor of the corridor is strewn with broken bricks whilst from the ceiling hang six dead ravens. Above the sturdy door (T4 W10) at the end of the corridor is the inscription, "In flesh we find eternal life".

2. Robing Room. This room used to double as a guard room. There is some rotten furniture left from those days plus a new chest, containing five robes. The room is lit by a fire and five unlit torches lie on the floor. Two men, wearing the cult's black robes, are awaiting the return of Klaus and Ked here. Once the two arrivals have robed

and rejoined the others, all will make their way to the Temple. 3. A long corridor, five feet high, that slopes down and then back up. The centre of the corridor is filled with murky water. The PCs must first wade and then swim where the roof dips below the water level if they wish to pass this way.

4. The corridor exits in a small room with no ceiling. On the far wall handholds allow people to climb the ten feet to the top. A collection of human bones covers the floor. This once used to be the shrine's sacrificial pit, where a multitude of different offerings would be placed before being removed by the clerics to the Robing room. From above can be heard chanting: "He brings us life. He brings us flesh. In the flesh we cheat Mort." 5. The main chamber is a crumbling dome decorated with now defiled Ulfrian symbols. A staircase, now blocked with rubble, leads up. It is dark & smoky, the smoke smelling heavily spiced. Moonlight streams in through a crack in the wall. Around the walls are eight (or twenty-eight if the PCs did not stop the kidnapping from the Guild) bodies, covered with blankets. The Leberverkin robed men (ghouls). Fourteen (eighteen if the others where not killed earlier) other cultists chant in a circle. From hand to hand they pass a heart from which they drink a drugged mixture of blood & wine. Already it is having the desired effect and they are beginning to hallucinate. In the centre is a table on which lays the body of the Cleric of Morr.

Only one character can climb the handholds at a time. If they are wearing robes they will be able to pass as cultists without any problems. Otherwise, they must attempt to hide in the shadows. Dramatically, it is better to have the PCs revealed when only half are out of the pit. When they warning is raised, The Leberverkin shouts, "Heathens in our midst! Feast on them, my followers!" The cultists will then rush at the PCs. Half will reach them in the first round, the remainder the next. Once the first is killed, all but five will retreat in a panic. The ghouls will join the combat as soon as they can.

Meanwhile, Hans Otto Neimerten sets about summoning undead. He will cast two of these spells. The first will raise the bodies on the floor as zombies (potentially, this includes any cultists the PCs have slain). The second spell will animate the bones in the sacrificial pit. These skeletons will try to climb up and engage the PCs, possibly pulling them into the pit if the PCs are close enough. This second group is *Subjeyct to Instability*. While Neimerten is alive the ghouls will attack without thought, and will not stop to eat any corpses.

When Neimerten sees it is possible that he might be hurt, he escapes. He uses the Flight spell

(Klaus & Ked, the mismatched pair from the body cutting the Ravenwood staff. Their Lord grants this boon.

That night the ceremony to dedicate the temple and, more importantly, open The Black Gate takes place. The site chosen is a long-abandoned Shrine of Ulric, located underground. The original entrance was competently sealed but a secondary service entrance was left partially open. The participants make their way there shortly before dusk to join The Leberverkin. The bodies hidden in Morrspark have already been brought to the site, and if the PCs watched this area and chose not to intervene, they can follow them to the Temple. However, should they have put together the clues about 'cutting the wood' and Ravenwood, they they may have laid their plans around this instead.

As clerics of Verena and Morr will be able to tell the PCs, the greatest concentration of Ravenwood is to be found to the east of the city, and it is here that the two cultists, Klaus & Ked, will cut the staff. They exit by east gate and return by the same route. PCs who await them and follow them back from the graveyard will have to run to get inside before the gates are shut for the night (the gates won't be shut on them, but the guards will get much amusement from letting them believe otherwise.) Whether the PCs wait for them at the graveyard or the gate, the two men will be easy to pursue. They head towards the Almarket district where they enter the sewer.

Morr Intervention

At this point, the PCs are near to stopping the Cult's plans. The attack on the Temple will involve combat. This will be challenging, but should not then they could solicit help from the watch, or perhaps from The Temple of Morr. Whether such help is available is up to the GM to decide. At this point, the PCs are near to stopping the Cult's plans. The attack on the Temple will involve combat. This will be challenging, but should not then they could solicit help from the watch, or perhaps from The Temple of Morr. Whether such help is available is up to the GM to decide.

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The rooms of the underground temple to Ulric proved ideally suited to the Cult's aims, and have, for the most part, been re-used for the roles they were originally assigned.

Through in 760IC and is used to explain the power source of necromancers. However, it has fallen into disrepute as the belief that necromancers worked individually gained credence. Over the years it was to be used in conjunction with the belief that those who entered through it would become immortal, cheating death by joining the undead. It is perhaps worth mentioning that Claudius II believed The Black Gate to be a real place, even going as far to locate it in the Faust-Schlag, the rock on which The Imperial city of Middenheim is built. Of course such rampant speculation is all but typical of Claudius who was matter what the evidence. Who else could have speculated that Stigmar was actually waiting in the Imperial Capital to return in a time of dire peril? The key to this gate is only ever hinted at. As is to be expected, ritual & ceremony form part of the process. However, Claudius hints strongly that a physical key is also required. Although having no proof to substantiate his claims he guesses that it is formed in two parts. Both together guarantee the opening. The first is the light of Morrslieb, a golden path to his kingdom. The second a staff of Ravenwood, harvested at twilight on the night of the opening.

The authorship of the book is the source of some dispute among academics. Many accredited Antonio Bitternus, a committed critic of the famed writer Sipi Claudius II, who is abused throughout the book. A latter book entitled 'The Tyralls of Luther Stigheim' ended with the protagonists, a thinly disguised Sipi, surrendering to the offers of the Chaos Gods. However, this over-handed attack backfired with Theologians deciding that it was in fact a subtle endorsement of the Chaos Gods. Antonio was burnt at the stake, the fire around him fed by his books.

The Dwarfs at the *Dwarven Engineers' Guild* deny all knowledge of such a place.

Asking at *The Wizards' and Alchemists' Guild* gets the party nowhere unless they have a wizard (or apprentice) with them. Otherwise they are told everyone is unavailable. If they are admitted, then briefly. While he has never heard of The Black Gate, he rambles on about various matters relating to the opening of portals. After about two minutes, even the wizards are lost. He can tell them little of any practical use.

The Light of Morrslieb
The PCs will be aware that Morrslieb has been waning in the sky for some days now. Local astronomers, possibly contacted through the Verenans, will make an educated guess that it will be in the sky for only one or two more nights before continuing on its erratic path.

Ravenwood
This tall and strong tree doesn't grow anywhere in the city. It is commonly found in the forest, and particularly in the areas surrounding graveyards. This is how it gained its name. Clerics of Morr will often use it in Shrines.

The Leberverkin arrives
At some point during the day Hans Otto Neimerten arrives on a coach from Altdorf. Two cultists

to exit through the crack in the ceiling. Once he is gone, the ghouls panic and retreat into a corner. The surviving cultists will attempt to escape through the sacrificial pit, some leaping into it. To halt their escape they will have to be physically restrained.

Outcomes

If the PCs stop the ceremony by massacring the participants, the threat from Neinerten is halted for the foreseeable future. The Cult is all but destroyed in Middenheim, and Neinerten will not risk returning to the city. The Temple of Morr will offer the PCs a hefty reward (and perhaps an apology, although they will talk about the gods moving in mysterious ways). The temple will be sealed properly by The Engineers' Guild. Any surviving cultists don't stay that way for long; they will be hung in public. The threat of imminent death coupled with the betrayal or death of their Lord results in a few breaking down and telling all they know. Unfortunately, this is very little. They won't even know if there are similar groups in other cities, nor have any idea about how to contact other cultists.

If the PCs stop Klaus and Ked returning with the Ravenwood, the ceremony is cancelled for the night. Although exhausted, the cult will attempt it again the following night. However, the Temple is abandoned by the time the duo reveals its location. Three cultists are sent out in the morning to wait in the forest, cut a branch from a well-hidden tree and then return. It is likely that the ceremony will succeed this time.

If the ceremony is successful, the temple is dedicated, and the gate is open. Although not visible, those with Magic Sense can feel it. This portal feeds the undead, its effects covering all of Middenheim. The process of becoming a ghoul quickens. This rapidly becomes a problem, with the undead proliferating in the city depths. Also, necromancers find that all Summoning spells summon an additional creature, and that all Instability roles are made at +1. The cult slowly grows in the city, and in time pilgrimages are made there. Neinerten, as the opener of the gate, draws its power from wherever he is. This is potentially a very powerful force in a campaign. However, the PCs did have good opportunity to stop it. Closing the gate is harder, although eliminating Neinerten will close it permanently. Otherwise, it is left in the hands of the GM to decide how – if at all – the PCs can end the threat.

5 for not allowing Karl being taken by the Watch
5 each for helping the victims of the Spore attack
5-10 for getting the information from Alphonse's house.

10 for saving the lives of at least fifteen of the kidnap victims

5 for finding the reference at the Temple of Verena

30 for stopping the ceremony

30 for killing Hans Otto Neinerten



The Cast

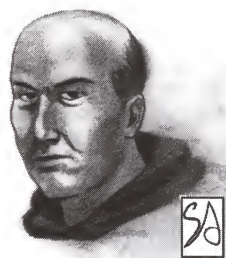


Brother Reginald

Brother reginald is a young man who only joined the Temple because, as the youngest son, his family expected him to follow orders. He had no reason to disappoint them, but has little enthusiasm. He is newly arrived in the city after serving his apprenticeship locally, and is still naive about the ways of the cult. He was actually sent to the City by his superiors in the hope that he would become a better Cleric. Tall and thin, he has a dark complexion and a slightly distracted air about him. When he can, he goes walking in the Great Park or occasionally around the edges of the forest. He has yet to make any friends in the city.

Brother Octavius

Octavius has long been bitter about his life in the Cult. He has failed to be promoted a number of times and has now given up trying. He has begun to actively avoid taking part in ceremonies, instead maintaining the graves and Tombs of Morrspark. When a Cult



member who wanted to procure a body for important medical purposes approached him, he agreed to help – for a price. As soon as it was done, however, he felt very guilty and vowed it was the last time. Unfortunately the cult had other ideas, and started blackmailing him. He was trapped, and since then has been forced to carry out the occasional task for them. He is always well rewarded of course, whether he wishes to be or not. He is of medium build, slightly tending to fat. He is nearly bald and his breath smells of alcohol, even when not drunk.

Alfonse Calpaldi

A well built, handsome man, always dressed in the richest of clothes, often with a container of pungent flowers hung around his neck. His black hair is slicked back and his beard has, in a somewhat unorthodox manner, been tied into pigtails. His accent contains only the very slightest trace of Tilean, his family moving to Middenheim when he was four. He walks with a slight limp and his left hand is slightly twisted, but the signs of ghoul-hood are restricted to a very slight sharpening of the teeth. His father was a respected physician and, as expected, Alfonse followed him into the Guild. Early in his career he and Karl Nugeon became firm enemies. Their rivalry continued as both climbed the later of success, and both had to be restrained by the Guild on a number

of occasions from making allegations that would be harmful to the organisation itself.

Alfonse's talents lay not in day-to-day medicine but in his bedside manner. His good looks and easy charm meant that he became



personal physician to a number of small noble households. His charm and athletic ability soon meant he had become part of the social circle. He was treated like a brother by many of the men of his age, and these were the finest years of his life. However, some resented him for his arrogance. He was used as an innocent pawn in a political power-game, the end result of which was that Alfonse was beaten to within inches of his life. He spent years recovering, but never regained the level he had maintained previously. Keeping it secret, he also began to suffer hallucinations and blackouts. When a dying patient told him about the word of The Leberverkin, he was intrigued, seeing a way to make himself whole once more.

Karl Nugeon

Alfonse's old, bitter rival. They have been enemies ever since they began training together.



Karl was the superior surgeon but lacked Alfonse's charm. After growing bored with his practice he began to teach surgery at the Guild and spent much of his time researching. His papers on new

surgery techniques caused much discussion in the Guild, with debates growing increasingly heated once Alfonse started to lead the attack. The technique was finally rejected as irresponsible, and further papers showing evidence of its usefulness were rejected unread. Karl started to become a nuisance, hassling Guild members and berating Alfonse to all within earshot. Such public rivalry became an embarrassment to The Guild, who supported a plan by Alfonse to frame him and so have him thrown out. He has narrowly avoided further, more serious, attempts to discredit him. As Alfonse became more involved in the Cult, Nugeon spotted another way to get his revenge, going as far to steal from his house. His only ambition in life is to see Alfonse brought crashing down, and doesn't care how it's done.

Karl, like Alfonse, has just turned forty. His



Experience Points



The following rewards are guidelines only, so feel free to change them as you see fit.

In Delbrez

5-20 each for roleplaying & clue finding

10 Saving Margret's life

5 each for killing Khristofer Ruy

In Middenheim

10-30 each for roleplaying & clue finding

5 for going after the body snatchers

5 for showing Reginald the brooch

5 for successfully managing to talk to Alfonse

5 for revealing Octavius to be a traitor

hair is grey and disorganised. He sports a three-day stubble, and has a pair of oft-mended half-moon glasses on his nose. His clothing is sensible but old, patched and re-patched. He carries a sturdy cane for defence, believing Alphonse will send his assassins soon.

Rico is the only person he has regular contact with any more. He was taken on as a student, and now performs all the household duties and keeps Karl out of any real trouble.

Hans Otto Neinerten

The self-proclaimed Leberverkin, Neinerten is an extremely clever and charismatic man. The faith that he offers his followers is one in that he has complete belief in. He is convinced that he can lead them to the eternal life they want. He cannot see why they wouldn't want this gift. However, he is astute enough to recognise that not everyone will see the appeal in what he offers, and is gifted enough to identifying those who will be susceptible to the word.

Born in Carroburg, he showed a gift for medicine in his teens. To the disappointment of his mother he wasn't accepted into the Temple of Shallya. Instead, he was apprenticed to a physician who a year later travelled to Luccini. Here Neinerten was accepted as an Initiate of Morr. Indeed, he was to make a good Cleric, in time. His charisma and rhetoric made him a valuable preacher. This was short lived, as he became disenchanted with the Temple life. He chanced upon a number of forbidden books that had a profound effect on his mind. Stealing some of these, he struck a deal with a necromancer warning him that Cult Templars were on their way in return for apprenticeship in the necromantic arts.

Reaching the level of his master, his ambitions grew and he set out to create his army of followers. He travelled The Empire and preached to those who would listen, and slowly their numbers began to increase. In time followers were spread across all the major cities. At this time he also succeeded in

translating the mysteries of one of the stolen books. This led him to the location of The Ring of Necrosis, and the knowledge of how to open The Black Gate.

Neinerten affects the guise and effects of a merchant when travelling. His clothes are expensive, flamboyantly topped off by a feather collar. This contains the wing feathers of an eagle: the ingredients of the Fly spell. A pair of rings on each hand contains magnets for the Aura of Resistance spell. His followers gather other ingredients as he requires. He affects the manner of a sick man, looking pale, coughing, and pretending to suffer a chill. It explains the paleness of his appearance. However, he cannot hide his fierce intellect or suave charm.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	34	23	3	4	8	56
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	38	40	60	42	43	50

2nd Level Necromancer, ex-1st Level Necromancer, ex-1st Level Wizard, ex-Wizards Apprentice, ex-1st Clerical, ex-Initiate, ex-Physicians student
Skills: AL – Magick; Necromancy, Cast spells - relevant, Charm, I Plants, I Undead, Luck, Magic sense, Man drugs, Meditate, Night vision, Prepare poison, Public Speaking, R/W, Rune lore, Scroll Lore, SAL-Estleian, SL-Classical, Theology (Morr)
Penalties: Nocturnal lifestyle, Cadaverous appearance

Insanity: Mild Megalomania

MP: 24 **Spells:** Curse (1), Magic Flame (1), Marsh lights (1), Aura of Resistance (2), Flight (3), Summon Skeletons (4), Zone of life (4), Control undead (3), Control undead (ghouls) (4). Note that Neinerten has learnt how to use the Summon Skeletons to raise a similar force of Zombies, where fresh corpses are available.

The Ring of Necrosis – Cast in silver, this artefact was forged by powerful necromancer of years past. Some of his blood is still contained inside. The wearer of the ring slowly becomes undead. Their need for food and water disappears, followed by the need for air. Their blood turns to dust and their skin becomes leathery and drawn. Removal of the ring means ageing one year for each month it was worn, a curse attaching the bearer to the ring forever.

Once the process is complete (after around ten years), the bearer is fully undead and can be identified as such by those with the Identify Undead skill. At this stage each blow to the body will only ever do a maximum of 1 wound damage. Neinerten is still some way short of achieving this state.

Cultists

The cultists are a mixture of the middle- and upper-classes, drawing from all professions, but all male and mostly middle-aged. Personality-wise, they could all be described as morally flawed. This made them perfect targets for the words of their charismatic lord. There are slightly under two dozen of them at present, and all but a handful have already eaten human flesh. Those that have are in differing stages of becoming a ghoul. The profiles for these individuals are detailed below. During the dedication they will be under the influence of a drug cocktail and suffer -10 to all percentile statistics. They are not the bravest of men, and if attacked only five will remain in combat once the first of them dies. Of course, things are different if the gate opens...

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	25	25	3	3	6	30
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Skills: As you see fit.

Ghouls

Four of the cultists have almost become ghouls. Their teeth and claws haven't grown to their full length and they can pass as human still, but only just – all look decidedly ill. They are completely loyal to The Leberverkin, the Lord that has led them to this blessed state. If he should not be in the locality they resort to standard ghoul behaviour. See WFRP rulebook pg 248 for more details.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	25	0	3	4	5	30
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	43	6	22	43	43	1

The ghouls have developed their venom but it is still weak. T tests are made against it at +10.



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CLERICS OF SHALLYA

By Tim Eccles

Introduction

I have always found Clerics of Shallya to be very difficult to play due to their aversion to violence and strictures against killing. However, they are both useful PC healers (sorry, 'allies'!) and a necessary and important part of the Old World cultural milieu. What follows is an attempt to flesh out the Church and its clerics within The Empire. Character career progression, skills and spells are outlined which may be of interest to PCs, but my main aim is to offer a guide to the Cult that will allow GMs to create more interesting NPCs.

The Church

It is difficult to make generalisations about the cult of Shallya because it is a highly de-centralised organisation. Even the ruling scriptures are open to some debate. Whilst training and theological teaching follows a standard tradition, there is considerable variation between regions. This is partially due to resources available. The cult centres such as Couronne, and, to a lesser extent, Altdorf and Middenheim, are run and maintained by well-trained staff. Rural areas, on the other hand, have few volunteers, only a handful of Initiates and precious little in the way of facilities. Even towns such as Bøgenhafen have only a token cult presence.

Whilst the stereotypical Shallyan Cleric is female, the church has no restrictions on the sex of its followers, Initiates or Clerics. Certainly, certain orders such as the Sisterhood of Shallya are exclusively female, but a significant number of priests are male. Given the nature of Shallya and the beliefs of her clerics, most humans in the Old World are willing to acknowledge the goddess and offer the occasional prayer. This is particularly true in times of war, famine and pestilence. Shallya is also echoed within demi-human pantheons, although this article will only examine the beliefs and structure of her human church and followers.

The Church in the Community: An Overview

As the church of Shallya seeks primarily to help the poor, it could be assumed that it would hold little power in the world. Certainly the church has very limited political and economic influence, for the poor are largely ignored and their needs unfunded. Money for medicine comes from the powerful guilds or powerful individuals, and usually goes straight to the streets: full of doctors who pander to the upper echelons of society.

Public hospitals are rare, overworked, run-down and short of everything. However, the church does manage to raise some small revenue for

such activities by acting as a salve to the consciences of the elite. Whilst lacking influence, Shallya is not a cause that anyone dare publicly criticise. Indeed, a number of rich women are known to give their time to charity work in hospitals, and a number of senior Physicians from the Guild offer their services to the cult annually on their birthday. As a result, the cult does manage to raise standards in public institutions using public perceptions to lever those in power, sometimes going so far as to point the finger of blame at people who appear niggardly, miserly, uncaring or worse.

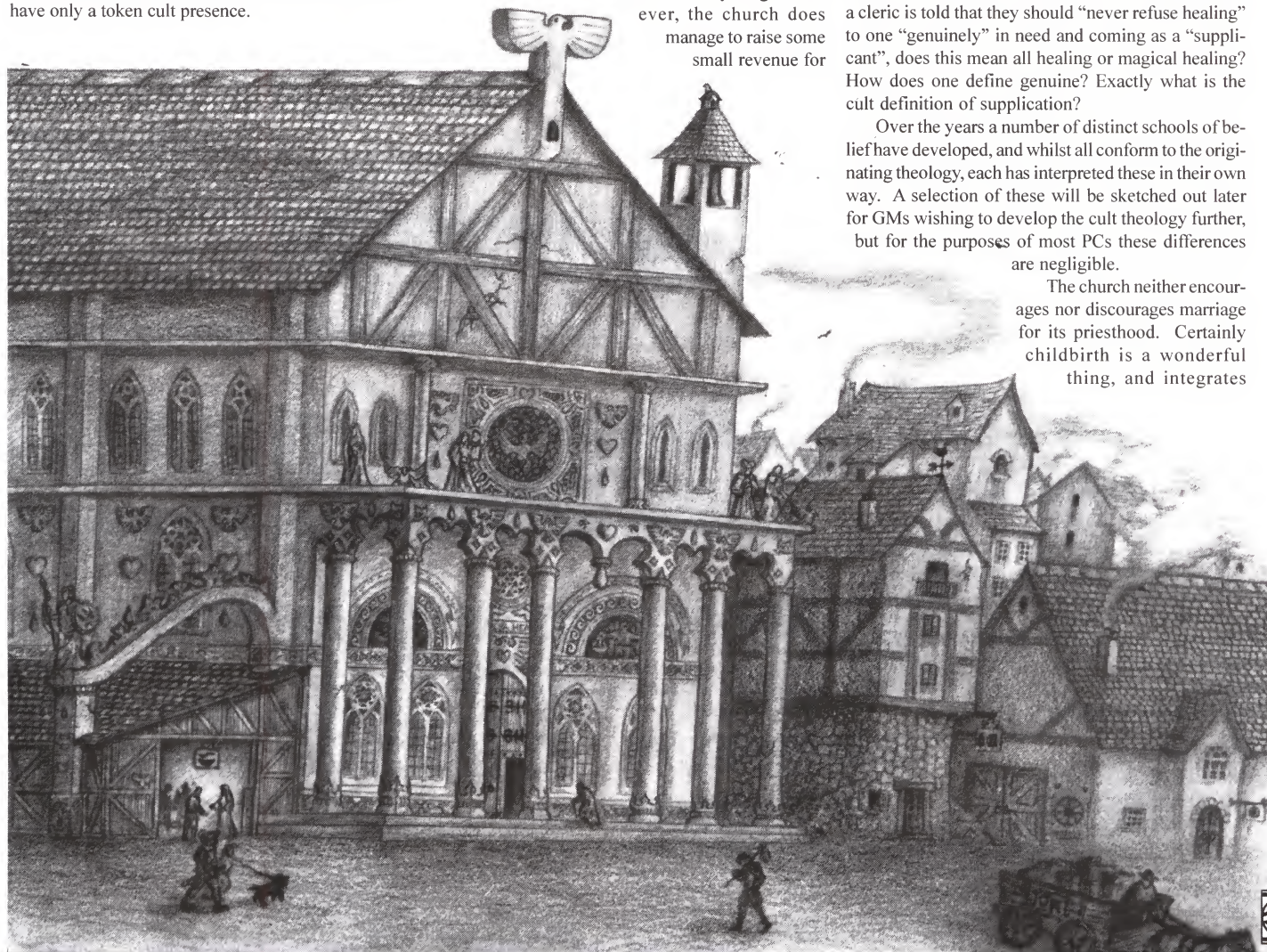
Much more importantly, however, is the cult's power within the poor sections of towns and cities. Shallyan Clerics are well respected for their work in hospitals, schools and nurseries. The respectable poor are openly grateful; even those operating outside the law respect what the church does for them and for their families. As a result, Clerics of Shallya are safe in almost every part of Old World cities.

Beliefs

The basic beliefs of the priesthood of Shallya can be found in the WFRP rulebook (pg. 200). However, whilst the cult strictures are quite clear in theory, the lack of a central enforcement of beliefs has led to some dispute over their exact meanings. For example, when a cleric is told that they should "never refuse healing" to one "genuinely" in need and coming as a "suppliant", does this mean all healing or magical healing? How does one define genuine? Exactly what is the cult definition of supplication?

Over the years a number of distinct schools of belief have developed, and whilst all conform to the originating theology, each has interpreted these in their own way. A selection of these will be sketched out later for GMs wishing to develop the cult theology further, but for the purposes of most PCs these differences are negligible.

The church neither encourages nor discourages marriage for its priesthood. Certainly childbirth is a wonderful thing, and integrates



with the beliefs of the cult. The cult also has little property and few titles that families of Clerics could lay claim to, which are primary reason for other Old World cults' bans on marriage. In reality, however, it is recognised that the priesthood is tiring and time consuming, and that Clerics are in the presence of constant and infectious disease and illness. Socially, mothers are expected to remain at home with their children, rather than to go out working in hospitals. In reality, few senior Clerics have families. The family of Shallya consists of the patients, children and supplicants at the cult's hospitals, orphanages and soup kitchens. Childbirth outside marriage is disapproved of, although given the cult's compassionate worldview, lapses are treated tolerantly.

The central document for Clerics of Shallya is the Hagtesse, a book containing the teachings of Shallya from the dawn of time (or so it is said). An original version written by the goddess herself is said to exist, and to include certain lost chapters covering, amongst other things, the treatment of chaos. The more recent Gesta Shallyanorum is a document of philosophical musings and practical tips.

Clerics of Shallya believe that their faith is not so much a philosophy as a practical Calling, and their religion is frequently called the Call of the Ministration or the Call to the Unclean. Certain wags also call it the Call to the Unwashed.

The Church Hierarchy

The Church of Shallya has little in the way of a formal hierarchy; each region tends to administer itself. The cult is unusual in that Shallya is worshipped fairly uniformly throughout the Old World, without any sense of regional or national jingoism. The cult is thus, in theory at least, organized on an international basis. For each nation, there is a council consisting of the nation's chief priest. This usually convenes at the Temple of the chief priest, which is invariably found in the capital city of the nation. In the Empire, the temple at Altdorf provides this central locus, and each electoral capital organises its own district. The chief priest in Altdorf, currently Kristen Dolben, represents the Empire at the bi-annual conclaves at the great spa in Couronne.

The cult is perhaps one of the few meritocratic organizations within the Old World. Status is largely a product of skill and favour of Shallya. That is not to say that there are not careerists or bureaucrats within the cult – there are, and these will most likely be the representatives that troublesome PCs will meet. It's more fun for the GM that way...

Titles

Those seeking to become formal members of the church are first termed postulants, and then become novices on reaching the level of Initiate. This is achieved by being deemed initially worthy to join the priesthood. The postulant travels to Couronne, and attends one of the monthly Rites of Initiation in which they must bathe in the holy water. Those who pass the test become novices and enter the career of initiate. On achieving this first level, the Cleric is termed Goodman or Goodwife, or more commonly Goody. All clerics of Shallya are nominally termed Goody, and this is always a safe title to call anyone within the cult. Certain regional differences do exist in the title – in Marienburg and the Wastelands, Gommer is often used, and Clerics are referred to as Gutfrau in the rural heartland of The Empire. The title Sister or Brother is used for level two Clerics and above, but in this most bashful of cults, such elitist terms are infrequently applied.

Other titles may be used in certain circumstances or locations. The Great Hospice near Frederheim (*Apocrypha Now*) uses the terms Orderly and Sister to differentiate the servants from the Clerics. The cult also has a number of priories and abbeys where the terms Prioress, Abbess and the like are used.

Sometimes members of the cult are called by nicknames such as Nanny-Goat or Gammer. These are terms of friendly abuse, indicating that clerics are either old women, or else act like old women in their ministering and pronouncements on eating properly, keeping warm and not drinking too much.

Skills

The rulebook provides Clerics with the skills Cure Disease (automatically at initiate level), Heal Wounds, Herb Lore, Immunity to Disease and Surgery (at one per level). Immunity to Poison is also available as a Blessing. As an ordinary initiate, the skills Read/Write, Scroll Lore, Secret Language (Classical) and Theology are learnt. In addition to those skills listed in the rulebook, as an Initiate, Clerics receive training in the arts of defending themselves. Whilst opposing needless violence, Clerics are not stupid. In game terms, they traditionally learn the skill Specialist Weapon: Quarterstaff at Initiate level. (Note that this is treated in the same way as any other extra-curricular skill.) Not only is this skill used for self-defense, but it also assists them in their battle against the minions of

Nurgle. No other weapon is normally permitted.

In my own view, there are a number of traits that should be possessed by clerics in general. I present two here as skills for this cult, but I think that most clerics should have the opportunity to be taught these as part of their religious indoctrination. These skills may be purchased at any time from level one with 100 experience points. Under certain exceptional conditions (see below), these can be 'redeemed'. These skills are only available to Clerics, or others similarly "brainwashed" (perhaps Templars, Witch Hunters, dwarfs, some Nobles, Seers, and a few Lawyers and Scholars). They are the result of religious (social or academic in the case of some others) indoctrination through their teachings. Their loss reflects a loss of conviction in their beliefs. Should they have a crisis in faith, or leave the clergy, this loss opens up new avenues for them. At this point, 100 points spent on the skills can be re-used, and spent upon some new revelation.

Righteous Certainty: Clerics *know* that they are correct, that their teachings are universally true, and that they cannot be wrong. Quite how this is to be played is a little difficult to specify, but if players enter into the spirit of things (intolerance, droning on, even bigotry etc) then a +10 bonus can be given to WP tests at the GM's discretion. They do, however, suffer a -10 Int to all tests regarding matters outside their faith that

Clerics of Shallya - Careers Advances

INITIATE

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
					+1	+10					+10	+10	+10

Skills:

Cure Disease
Read/Write
Righteous Certainty
Scroll Lore
Secret Language – Classical
Specialist Weapon – Quarterstaff
Stubborn Determination
Theology (Shallya)

Career Exits:

Agitator, Cleric - Level 1, Clerical Specialist-Herbalist, Clerical Specialist-Pharmacist, Clerical Specialist-Physician's Apprentice, Clerical Specialist - Scribe, Herbalist, Pharmacist, Physician's Apprentice, Scribe, Wizards Apprentice

Cleric - Level One

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
					+1	+10		+10				+10	+20

Cleric - Level Two

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
					+2	+20		+20	+10	+10	+10	+20	+30

Cleric - Level Three

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
					+3	+20		+30	+20	+20	+20	+30	+40

Cleric - Level Four

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
				+1	+4	+30		+40	+30	+30	+30	+30	+40

Skills (General – one per level)

Heal Wounds
Herb Lore
Immunity to Disease
Surgery

Meditate

Skills Level 2

Cast Spells Clerical 2
Magical Sense

Skills Level 3

Cast Spells – Clerical 3
Magical Awareness
Manufacture Scrolls

Skills: Level 1

Arcane Language-Magick
Cast Spells – Clerical One*

Skills Level 4

Cast Spells Clerical 4

Etiquette

Manufacture Potions

Magic Points

2D8 per level

Career Exits

Charlatan, Cleric of next level, Clerical Specialist - any option as per initiate, Clerical Specialist - Scholar, Demagogue, Physician, Scholar

*This gives access to the Petty Magic & First Level Spells. Petty Spells cost 50 eps to buy and First Level 100eps.

may have an adverse effect on their beliefs.

Stubborn Determination: Clerics will not be swayed in their beliefs or actions, nor turned from their course by physical or magical obstacles. At the GM's discretion, a +1/+10 bonus to appropriate S, Cl or WP tests can be given when facing relevant trials. As above, a -10 Int modifier may be applied in circumstances relating to challenges to faith, such as in realising that a patient is not recovering by use of divine healing. This can be cumulative with the penalty above.

Spells

Shallyan Clerics are able to call upon the will of Shallya to perform a number of miracles in her name. These spells serve to aid the poor and needy, and further spread the doctrines of the goddess. All Clerics learn the use of divine magic, the power and blessing of Shallya, rather than arcane magic use. Clerics use this divine power to supplement the mundane healing techniques of the Herbalist, Physician and Surgeon. However, it is not necessarily a pre-requisite for clerics of Shallya to be magic-users; Physicians and Physicians' students are also allowed to be Clerics, although it is likely they will also study the use of divine magic. (Spell Lists for Clerics of Shallya can be found on page 38.)

Notes

The spells available to the Clerics of Shallya may seem rather AD&D-esque, but they do fill a niche within the game, and create a number of balances to the influence of Chaos. Many believe that Shallya, as goddess of mercy and healing, is the embodiment of the Old World's defences against the Chaos intrusion.

Remember that these spells are divine rather than arcane; when casting a spell, the caster is contacting his/her goddess, who will expect complete humility and appropriate seriousness. I am not entirely convinced by the need for components in divine magic, but have provided notes for them. Remember also that the sparse distribution of the priesthood will make these spells rare. Within The Empire, for example, there will only be one or two level 4 and three or four level 3 Clerics of Shallya to be found.

Healing potions can be made available from temples if a GM wishes, if a Cleric of an appropriate level can be found at the temple. These will be very expensive given the time and expertise needed to prepare them. Certainly, Shallya is merciful, but a big payout from a loaded adventurer will pay for lots of medicines for the poor. Rumour suggests that the Aldorf 'Healthcare in the Community Programme' was set up by Magnus the Pious on his return from his crusade in thanks for the cult's aid. *Middenheim: City of Chaos* states that the city's temple charges 10 GCs per MP expended. A more radical cleric might

also wish PCs to join the Merciful Knights, who are described in the section upon Radical Doctrines, or offer another service to the cult in addition to paying this fee. To summarise, Clerics of Shallya are not simply PC healers, they are servants of a goddess of mercy and compassion.

All material components for a spell must be completely pure for the spell to take effect. If the material is not pure, the spell will fail, although not necessarily with any visible sign of having done so. The cult failed to prevent the red pox that decimated Blutroch, for example, partly due to contamination of the local clerical supplies. Similarly, one region within the Empire has failed to note an infiltration of its ranks by Nurgle cultists due to a similar contamination of the materials used for the weekly Detect Nurgle divination...

Career Paths

The prospective Cleric of Shallya begins as a simple initiate. On completion of their initiacy, they undergo a ceremony of attestation whereby they are awarded their Staff of Compassion. This is a sturdy quarterstaff, to act as prop and defence in their future service to the goddess. It is accepted that families may contribute to the production of a more decorous staff, if they are both supportive and wealthy, although some of the clergy regard this practice as ostentatious and wasteful.

Careers Advances - Clerical Specialists



Alchemists Apprentice

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
					+1	
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+10		+10			

Skills

Brewing, Chemistry, Evaluate

Career Exits

Alchemist - Level One, Charlatan, Clerical Specialist - Alchemist Level One

Alchemist Level One

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
					+2	+10
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+10		+10			

Skills

AL-Magick, Cast Spells Petty Clerical, Metallurgy

Level Two

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
					+3	+20
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+20	+10	+20	+10	+10	+10

Skills

Cast Spells - Clerical 1, Herb Lore, Magic Sense, Prepare Poison

Level Three

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
					+3	+20
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+30	+20	+20	+20	+30	+40

Skills

Cast Spells - Clerical 2, Magical Awareness, Manufacture Potions, Meditation, Rune Lore

Level Four

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
					+1	+4
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+40	+30	+30	+30	+30	+40

Skills

Cast Spells - Clerical 3, Identify Magical Artifact, Manufacture Scrolls, Theology

Herbalist

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
					+1	
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+10		+10			

Skills

Brewing, Heal Wounds, Herb Lore, Identify Plant

Career Exits

Agitator, Charlatan, Cleric of appropriate level, Herbalist, Physician's Student

Hypnotist

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
					+1	+10
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+10		+10			

Skills

Hypnotise, Magical Awareness

Career Exits

Agitator, Charlatan, Cleric of appropriate level, Physician's Student, Entertainer - Hypnotist, Clerical Specialist - Physician's Student

Pharmacist

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
					+1	+10
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+10		+10			

Skills

Brewing, Chemistry, Heal Wounds, Immunity to Poison, Manufacture Drugs, Prepare Poisons

Career Exits

Agitator, Charlatan, Cleric of appropriate level, Clerical Specialist - Physician, Physician

Physician's Student

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
					+1	+10
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
			+10	+10		

Skills

Heal Wounds

Career Exits

Agitator, Cleric of appropriate level, Physician, Clerical Specialist - Physician

Physician

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
				+1	+1	+3
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+30	+20	+30	+20	+20	+20

Skills

Manufacture Drugs, Prepare Poisons, Surgery

Career Exits

Cleric of appropriate level, Physician

Scholar

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
					+2	+30
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+10		+30	+10	+30	+10

Skills

Astronomy, Cartography, Cryptography, Demon Lore, History, Identify Plant, Identify Undead, Law, Linguistics, Magical Sense, Numismatics, Rune Lore, Scholarship, Theology

Career Exits

Cleric of Appropriate Level, Demagogue, Lawyer



The newly promoted cleric is also initiated into the paths of divine magic, and taught (for the usual 100 experience points) the skill Cast Spells - Clerical Petty. They then may proceed into the career Cleric Level 1. Note that Clerics who wish to become specialists need not learn the skill, and may proceed directly into their career. However, if they do so, they will not be able to learn other cast spells skills at higher levels.

For the Cleric of Shallya, the general clerical progression table (WFRP pg. 150) is incorrect. The primary difference is that clerics of Shallya do not gain martial characteristics; for example, clerics do not gain any BS advance, but do gain a +10 FEL advance for each level. This reflects that Clerics of Shallya are popular and respected, even by those who feel the cult to be too liberal and tolerant for their own good.

In addition to the standard clerical career path, Clerics of Shallya have two other options open to them. They may elect to become a clerical specialist or a lapsed cleric and leave the priesthood.

Clerical specialists within the cult are for those who feel unable to make the complete religious transition, whilst wishing to remain as servants of Shallya. Clerical Specialists include Alchemists Apprentices (and thereafter Alchemists of the next level), Herbalists, Pharmacists, Physician's Students (and thence to Physician) and Scholars. Note that some of these specialisation's differ from their secular equivalents.

However, there are certain restrictions on the career path followed. Broadly, Clerics of Shallya follow paths of pragmatic healing, arcane investigation or philosophical theology, and this is reflected in their career exits. Specialists follow the teachings of the patron saint of their order; for example alchemist's apprentices and pharmacists will travel to the House of the Beguines in the Wastelands before returning to their sponsoring church to work. They will also periodically return to the House to develop their skills.

Some decide that the priesthood is not for them after all, usually because of the passive nature of the cult in the face of all the misery they see, or because they are offered an apparently lucrative job with a wizard or alchemist. Normal lapsed career exits are Agitator, Alchemist's Apprentice, Charlatan, Herbalist, Pharmacist, Physician's Student or Wizard's Apprentice. Whilst not strictly careers, recidivists may also join The Greys (Warpstone 5) or the Merciful Knights.

Tenets Of Faith

Shallya is the goddess of healing, mercy and compassion. In particular, she is responsible for childbirth. The basic faith of the cult is that all life is sacred, that healing of a supplicant should never be refused, and that no priest may slay a human (except a cultist of Nurgle) or other intelligent being (except in self-defence). The cult celebrates birthdays as being holy days for rejoicing; its holy days are the birthdays of saints, but most Old Worlders offer prayer to Shallya on their own birthday.

Officially, there is no distinction between any of the followings or teachings of Shallya. In reality, those who lead the cult tend to be traditional clerics, having both public standing and doctrinal experience. There are few tensions between the different types of Cleric, although the general dislike between herbalists and the more scientific alchemists and pharmacists remain. The primary disagreements within the cult are on matters of faith.

The Unitarian (or Union) creed holds the largest number of believers, arguing that the whole of the faith is more important than the squabbling of philosophical theorists. Most of the remainder are Pragmatists, allowing for differences within individual preaching in

the furtherance of unity and Shallya. The Precisionists are a minor group who argues that debate is irrelevant, and that all believers should stick with traditional teachings.

The smallest school within the various doctrines are the Ultra, who believe that the lifting of strictures for followers of Nurgle is a weakness in the faith caused by the influence of the Lord of Decay, and that compassion should perhaps be shown in even greater quantity to his minions.

The Travellers of the Feather (or Featherists) are a group of travelling healers, who believe in pilgrimage to all holy sites and the spreading of mercy, compassion and healing via such journeys and through action in the outside world.

The Gospellers are missionaries who believe primarily in preaching.

The Sisters of Shallya are outlined in The Great Hospice (*Apocrypha Now*). They are the largest separate Order and their membership is limited to women. Whilst some of the order live in nunneries, many can be found working throughout The Empire alongside other Orders. Similarly, whilst they are involved in all the temples, hospitals and orphanages of the cult, they also operate a number of hospitals peculiar to their own Order. They run the Great Hospice at Frederheim, for instance.

The Cenobites believe in a particular article of faith known as Cenobitism, named after their monastery at Cenobite. They operate solely from their monastery and believe in a complete purity that can only be achieved away from the world and its temptations. They seek to offer a spiritual healing for the world. This is not a popular order since its members are very puritanical, proclaiming as diseases and vices those activities encouraged by Slaanesh such as sexual activity, eating and drinking.

Particular tenets of note include:

Grunhilda's Creed (aka Grunhilda's Folly): all strictures must be followed regardless of recipient or consequences.

Gerther's Compassion: Shallya expects mercy and compassion before all.

Urda's Lament: mercy and compassion allow a patient to be helped into Morr's domain.

Skulda's Wrath: Followers may help those seeking to slay enemies whose nature is antithesis to the general demeanour of Shallya and her divine family, and should not regard this as the equivalent of carrying out a killing themselves.

The Waldenhof Accord: the cult accepts, and is accepted by, the medical profession, and both will work to the benefit of the sick.

Genovafa's Vision: the cult must instil its creeds into those who seek treatment, and not allow their services to be abused by those deliberately abusing themselves or others.

Schisms

There are four major doctrinal disagreements that have the possibility of forcing deep religious division. The most immediately worrying are the concept of Sainthood, and the Markovite Ukase.

The primary problem with Sainthood concerns exactly how a saint is created and by whom. The cult of Shallya is particularly averse to the political facet of Sainthood, used in particular by the cults of Sigmar and Ulric, who seek to convert villages by canonizing local heroes and absorbing minor local gods through representing that individual as a saint. Saint Helena (Warp-

stone 6), the Sigmarian Saint of Health, Fertility & Marriage, is a typical example of such a move, although officially she is regarded as an example of the presence of Shallya in everyone, even the god Sigmar.

The cult recognises two classes of saint: the common (or religious) saint and the patron saint. The common saint is invoked by commoners and offers a simple representation of some aspect of Shallya. A favourite is Saint Werner who died during Magnus the Pious' crusade after joining up as a medical assistant and refusing to leave the wounded in a convoy that was overrun. The religious saint is similar to the common saint, but is a portrayal of a perfect religious model for clerics and novices. Examples include Saints Grunhilda, Urda, Skulda, Genofa and Gerther whose actions form primary tenets of faith. They also illustrate part of the problem faced by the cult, as some of their tenets may be seen as contradictory.

Patron saints relate to specialist areas of Shallya's ministry, such as pharmacy, surgery and medicine. A good example is St Beguine, the patron saint of pharmacists. Such sainthoods form minor units within the cult. Patron saints are legendary figures from history, similar to Sigmar Heldenhammer, within their own cult's beliefs.

For PCs, the skills and blessings from saints are negligible, but individuals will frequently call upon a saint in difficult situations. Hospitals, pharmacies, hostels, etc. are frequently named after saints. The most famous cult holy place in The Wasteland is Beguinage, the House of the Beguines, which is essentially a giant laboratory. It is run by the sisterhood of St. Beguine, who was responsible for developing the art of alchemy away from transmutation and into pharmacy. Regardless of their faith, many alchemists and pharmacists acknowledge the Saint, and the House of the Beguines is both a holy site and a centre for research and visiting scientists.

The Markovite Ukase is a doctrinal tract published by the Kislevian Markov, a Priest-Scholar of the Free City of Erengard. In my own campaign, I have developed the Kislev described in SRIK in a number of ways, one of which is to use an equivalent to the Russian Revolution. Thus, Erengard has thrown off its noble oppressors and declared itself a free city run by a universally elected Commune. The Ukase essentially calls upon the cult to voice (and act upon) its objections to the poverty and squalor created and maintained by the current political system and its ruling class. Although the cult within the Empire sympathises with Markov, its current cult position is that mercy and





compassion is not compatible with violent revolution or political action, and it has no wish to involve itself with a battle against the Emperor, the Electors or the state. However, many novices are more idealistic and less restrained than their elders. The influence of Ukase could lead to a politicisation of the cult, and its coming into conflict with the Electors. Some further ideas on this can be found *inter alia* in the Warhammer Novel *Beasts in Velvet* and in *Cultist Scum* (Warpstone 8).

The final two problems facing the cult are conflicting attitudes to violence and battling chaos, and the problem of abortion. Neither is likely to bother PCs, but are worth covering briefly for background.

The position with regard to Nurgle is clearly described in the rulebook, and followers of Nurgle can be attacked and slain by Clerics. Normally, no human may be killed, and other intelligent beings may be only slain in self-defence as a last resort. However, the teachings of Saint Skulda offer some additional latitude to cultists who seek a more martial and active path. The skaven of Clan Pestilens, where they are believed to exist, are considered targets equal to followers of Nurgle. The slaying of chaos in general (even humans or intelligent beings) is condoned, and even encouraged. Self-defence is always permissible, except under the Grunhilda Creed which prevents even the slaying of a Nurgle worshipper. In game terms, it is up to each PC to decide what actions their conscience will allow. Once they have decided on their stance, however, the GM should feel free to needle them as soon as they step out of line. PCs should always remember that Shallya is a peaceful goddess, devoted to mercy and compassion.

A social reality problem facing the cult, especially in its role as an easer of childbirth, is the issue of abortion. The teachings of Saints Grunhilda, Gerther and Genofa offer different interpretations of the abortion issue. Officially, abortion does not exist, because the cult cannot envisage such a thing. In reality, most cultists have witnessed the back street butchers and the rich physicians who offer abortions, and the mess they frequently make. Most will therefore counsel alternatives and offer adoption, but will ultimately perform such operations in order to prevent suffering and cruelty. However, in doing so, they may be expelled from certain branches of the Order. It is almost unheard of to turn away a recipient of a botched opera-

tion, although St. Genofa's teachings can be read in such a way. In any event, any cleric who performs an abortion can be argued to be a murderer and hence be expelled from the cult.

Radical Doctrines Associated With The Cult

The Greys: A secret society dedicated to treating mutants with compassion. Those affected by Chaos are helped to secluded sanctuaries, or should their mutation be too extreme, mercy killings are given to relieve their sufferings.

The Merciful Knights of the Hospitals of Shallya:

Whilst not strictly a formal part of the Cult of Shallya – indeed in some ways they are its opposite – this group are the self-appointed defenders of the cult's temples, hospitals, clergy and followers. In their healing work, many knights and soldiers are saved and healed by the Sisters, many fathers find lost sons, and much joy is brought. Many of these people wish to repay the cult, but not all are wealthy, and many are excluded from joining by their histories. The Merciful Knights grant membership to all those who wish to offer their aid to the cult. This aid can be in the form of direct military support, guarding buildings or individuals. It is widely understood that the cult in its entirety is protected, and that any affront whatsoever will cost the malefactors dearly, however long it takes the knights to track them down. There are two classes of knight within the group: the Knight Hospitaller and the Knight Sergeant. Both should be treated as titles rather than as specific careers, as anyone wishing to serve in the defence of Shallya can join. Wherever there is a cult presence, there will be at least a Knight Sergeant in the vicinity. The order is only small, and resources can be rather stretched in rural areas in particular, but it does use its members' personal wealth to purchase assistance. Those joining swear poverty, offering their wealth to both the cult and the knights, and swearing chastity whilst members. They renew their oaths periodically or have the option to resign their membership with full honour if they feel they cannot continue.

Running The Cult In The Empire

There are likely to be two types of situation in which PCs interact with the cult. The first is in a visit to one of the great places of the church. The second is within rural or urban areas where characters need to liaise with clerics over healing or aid.

The cult's hospices are unlikely to be choice locations for PCs! The two most famous within The Empire are to be found at Seuchenshof in Nordland (for treatment of the Black Plague) and Frederheim. Those with an interest in magic and science may wish to visit the House of Beguines in the Wastelands. It is located at Jutonsryk, which was once the political centre of that nation. St Beguine established his House before the Empire's annexation of the region, which they termed the province of Westland, but it proved politically difficult to rename the actual habitation of the same name. Now the burghers of Marienburg control the newer Oedland (sometimes called the Marienburg state), and time has faded memories, the name and even the great House itself. The greatest cult site in the Old World is now the spa of Couronne, where PCs may like to take the waters for their health.

Most human habitations contain some small site representing Shallya, but the cult is relatively small and underfunded. Often, small towns and villages are supported only by a lay-priest or initiate. The cult dislikes this, and in theory has a complex theological

and practical training programme for its clergy. In reality, however, they do not have the resources or personnel, and most people are served by under-trained clerics. The official GW material offers examples of this, such as The Great Hospice (which is underfunded) from Apocrypha Now and Bögenhafen (which has only one single full-time priestess). PCs are thus likely to find overworked clerics operating in run-down facilities with few resources. The clerics are also likely to be lacking skills, spells and complex theological debate. Warhammer City offers the more liberal Middenheim temple, as an example of a rather better resourced temple, with some half dozen volunteer physicians and surgeons, a third level high priestess, and 1 x 2nd level, 2 x 1st level, 2 cleric physician and 3 initiate attendants.

The most impressive temple is to be found in Altdorf, however. Here the cult inhabits a simple and efficient temple-hospital-shelter-workhouse, built to traditional designs, from which it operates a 'Healthcare in the Community' scheme. Both temple and scheme were a gift from a grateful Magnus the Pious, and show both the grandeur of his plans and the degradation of this noble endeavour by successive petty emperors. In theory, the temple operates as a hub for a number of street medical centres in all districts of the capital; in reality most of these sites no longer exist, their leases having been sold to raise funds for the treasury.

By agreement with the Physicians Guild (since they did not dare refuse Magnus), all registered physicians were also obliged to offer the cult their services. In reality, most now send apprentices or supplies in lieu, many doctors and surgeons are members of the alternative Imperial Medical Council (formed after Magnus' agreement, and thereby exempt) and most of the remainder simply refuse. Even the obligation to offer training to clerical medics has fallen into disrespect. Those that do offer aid frequently do so in an attempt to poach assistants.

Within the Old World, most official (and unofficial) organizations are tolerant of the cult, recognising it as an ally in the war against chaos. Relations can be said to be cordial throughout The Empire. However, as the cult that has the most dealings with the underclasses, official religions, guilds and state representatives are likely to be less than helpful. Also, the peaceable nature of the cult is anathema to the more warlike religions. Whilst most pantheons and secular authorities may be deemed to be friendly, they are effectively neutral; few in the Old World are ardent friends.

Morr, Verena and Myrmidia form Shallya's theological "family". Ranald offers unreturned support, partially for theological reasons, and partially in his role as icon of the poor. Verena is perhaps most friendly in recognising the injustice that the cult is facing. A number of Wood Elf and Halfling deities are also friendly, both to their own deities closely resembling Shallya but also to the human cult. Certain chaos cults are also amused that Nurgle faces his nemesis in such an inconsequential source.

For its part, the cult is vehemently opposed to Nurgle, strongly against the Horned Rat and Khaine, and opposed to all forms of chaos. Theologically it is intolerant of Ranald's duping of Shallya, and the illegality of theft concerns this most upright of churches since those most commonly affected are the poor. However, many within the order tacitly overlook and even support the actions of the tricksters. Different orders within the cult also disapprove of the excesses of Ulric, Sigmar, Handrich and even localized deities such as Bogenauer.

Clerics of Shallya Spell List

Petty Cleric Spells

Cure Hurt

Spell Level: Petty
Magic Points: 1
Range: Personal
Duration: Permanent
Ingredients: Soothing words

A simple spell that will heal minor cuts and bruises, ease aches and pains and restore 1D2 wounds. It will not heal the heavily injured (those who have two wounds or fewer remaining).

Gift of Tongues

As per the petty magic spell.

Merciful Compassion

Spell Level: Petty
Magic Points: 2
Range: Personal
Duration: one use; lapses upon the next sunrise
Ingredient: a charm

This spell allows the caster to deliberately affect the laws of chance. Once, a character may adjust any roll by +/- 10 (on D100) or +/-1 (on D6). However, should the spell fail for any reason, the result is one of bad luck in a similar manner. This spell is not cumulative and works only in situations that are deemed worthy by Shallya; again, trying to use it to say kill someone, will result in it operating in reverse as bad luck. As an aside, this is also mischievously known as Ranald's Luck, and is available to clerics of Ranald.

Produce White Dove

As per the petty magic spell, Produce Small Creature, except only a dove is produced.

Remove Curse

As per the petty magic spell, although clerics of Shallya can remove curses placed one level higher.

Sleep

As per the petty magic spell.

Zone of Warmth

As per the petty magic spell.

Clerical One Spells

Aura of Resistance

As per the battle magic spell.

Cure Light Injury

As per the battle magic spell, although it will even aid characters suffering from heavy wounds, such is the power of Shallya. Healing is also permanent.

Cure Poison

A specialist spell for Shallyan Clerics

Hand of Shallya

As per the necromantic spell Hand of Death. This spell is only effective against creatures and followers of Nurgle.

Immunity From Poison

As per the battle magic spell.

Detect Nurgle

Spell Level: 1
Magic Points: 1 + 1 per turn
Range: see below
Duration: 1 + turns
Ingredient: Dove; must concentrate

The caster is granted the ability to sense the presence and position of any beings touched by Nurgle (either suffering from mutation, carrying one of his diseases, or some other such direct influence) within a radius equal to the caster's WP in feet. They will also detect the aura of decay and disease left by such individuals for the period since the last sunrise in the range of the spell. The caster must have full concentration, any distraction (causing a failed WP roll) ending the spell. The spell operates through the flight of the dove who will react should any such presence be detected. Although the spell will not reveal followers of Nurgle unless they have been directly affected by his power, the flight of the dove is such that the caster can deduce that *someone* in the area follows Nurgle on a successful Int test.

Zone of Life

As per the necromantic magic spell.

Clerical Two Spells

Aura of Protection

As per the battle magic spell.

Cure Disease

As per the Druid Magic spell in The Restless Dead, although the ingredient is a healing poultice created by a holy recipe.

Enthuse

As per the level one Battle Magic spell. The nobleness of the cleric and the purity of Shallya is a powerful motivator.

Flight

As per the battle magic spell except the ingredient is the wing feather of a dove.

Treat Illness

A specialist spell for Shallyan Clerics.

Zone of Sanctuary

As per the battle magic spell, although the ingredient is a small silver holy symbol.

Clerical Three Spells

Cure Insanity

A specialist spell for Shallyan Clerics.

Cure Severe Wound

As per the battle magic spell.

Heal Injury

A specialist spell.

Manufacture Medicinal Potion

As the skills Manufacture Drugs/Manufacture Potions, but the process is part natural and part supernatural. A cleric can capture the substance of any healing spell of one level below their own within a potion using the appropriate ingredients. The WFRP rulebook is vague on such manufacturing. Hogshead's forthcoming *Realms*

of Sorcery book should hopefully make this mysterious process much clearer.

Summon Flock of Doves

Spell Level: 3
Magic Points: 10 per hour
Range: Nearby
Duration: 1+ hours
Ingredients: a living dove

This spell allows the cleric to summon a flock of doves. The ingredient is set free with a call to summon a swarm. The spell takes 1D6 minutes to take effect, after which the be-magicked dove returns with a swarm of around 1D6 dozen doves per level of the caster. This number becomes 1D6 hundred where doves are prevalent, such as in temple enclosures. The swarm's characteristics can be found in the bestiary (under Swarm). Note that a directed swarm does not suffer from stupidity and is capable of following relatively simple instructions.

The swarm remains for 1 hour, and thereafter may be kept by the expenditure of 10 magic points per hour. This spell may only be used offensively against those allowed by cult strictures.

Zone of Demonic Nullification

As per the demonologist spell, although the ingredient is the blood of any good creature. This can include the caster.

Clerical Four Spells

Aura of Invulnerability

As per the battle magic spell.

Restore Critical Injury

Spell Level: 4
Magic Points: 10 + 10 per D10 wounds
Range: Touch
Duration: Permanent
Ingredient: A dove's heart

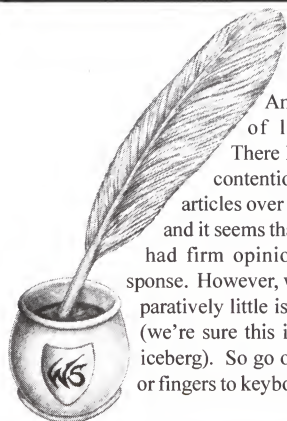
This spell will re-join amputated limbs, restore sight and generally repair all bodily damage. It cannot be used to grow new limbs, eyes, etc., only restore (and re-join) what remains. Thus muscles that have been burned in a fireball can be restored, but an arm that has been swallowed by a dragon cannot be re-created. However, this spell must be cast shortly after the injury occurred (usually within 24 hours) and must be the sole means of healing to the injury. It cannot regenerate an already healed body, such as one that has been affected by a Cure Severe Wound spell.

Miraculous Cure

Spell Level: 4
Magic Points: 10 + 1 permanent
Range: Touch
Duration: Permanent
Ingredient: The entire wealth of the recipient in a donation to some appropriate project

This spell is the ultimate beneficence of Shallya for it is able to heal the afflictions, mental and physical, of Chaos.

THE FORUM



An entertaining batch of letters this issue. There have been plenty of contentious points raised in articles over the last few months, and it seems that many of you have had firm opinions to voice in response. However, we're sure that comparatively little is filtering back to us (we're sure this is just the tip of the iceberg). So go on, put pen to paper, or fingers to keyboard, and write to us.

"piss-poor Foody gamesmastering"

Stuart Weir: WARHAMMER ROLEPLAYERS: Purists or monoidyllic fascists?

Issue. Graeme Davis has said that, 'Doomstones adventures were an experiment to see if a more traditional type of FRP adventure would work in WFRP'. In issue 8, John Foody responds, 'all this is little more than.... a dungeon bash', while praising this last Doomstones adventure for strong political shenanigans and NPCs. What we have here is a dichotomous explanation, or more simply, piss-poor Foody gamesmastering.

'Lack of moral uncertainties!' What greater uncertainty than to encounter two factions of the same stalwart race who are totally unreconcilable, and be practically forced to choose sides? For myself the duplicitous early arrivals provided more than ample anxiety. You can, however, be forgiven (by me, I can't speak for your players) for turning this first class traditional-hybrid into a paltry one dimensional technicality. The mammoth Doomstones 4 was unquestionably the most rigorous exercise in GMing because the writers chose not to include a sequence of trigger events thereby leaving one reliant upon reflex-roleplaying; very mentally strenuous. For those with a comfortable grasp of character, buy Doomstones 4, the most mind-boggling dungeon I've ever used; a real ground-breaker.

Issue. Last editorial reads, 'the world has been tightly regulated and therefore has become believable'. Transcribe the last word as, 'inevitable'. *Dying of the Light* was exemplary entertainment but with the opening up of Marienburg, and thus the seas, Warhammer players are soon to be in for a culture shock. E.g. does Norsca even have taverns? These pinko imperials are gonna have to wise up.

Issue. Poor Bobby Clarke mauled and blackballed by the 'great and good voices' of WFRP (Marienburg, Marienburg, where for art thou Marienburg?) for suggesting the novels make good source material. *Beasts in Velvet* is an absolutely indispensable source for anyone resident in Altdorf when compared with say *Death on the Reik* (and on the left ladies and gentlemen we have the Imperial palace. You will notice it's, erm.... big??). Don't you worry Bobby, if this Ragan character fails to come up trumps with (what one can only suppose to be) his life's work then I'm sending the boyz after him.

Issue. Bitchy, bitchy, bitchy. My apologies Keane/Foody, you're doing a fantastic job. I'm envious and profoundly in your debt; cheers from this sanctimonious ingrate.

Editor (JF): "Piss-poor gamesmastering," no, "piss-poor reviewing," possibly. What I tried to say about *Doomstones 4* is that the political background jarred badly with the dungeon-bash side. These things are a personal opinion but I stand by my view that it's a

poor dungeon. However, I must admit that to a large extent an emphasis on this sort of thing bores me. While it is true that the political side is good, it's not really what the scenario is about, and the GM will have to do a lot of work to flesh it out.

"Jungian archetype"

James McGraw: The biggest problem with the WFRP system as it stands is the magic system. Magic is portrayed as nothing more than a dull set of standardised effects. Worse still, this bears no relation to the way in which magic is stated to work in the Old World. Magic is supposed to be drawn from the warp gates and the Realm of Chaos in the extreme North and South, whereas the rules, in particular the concept of "magic points", point towards an "inner source" for magic.

A good example of magic is in the excellent Conspiracy X, a modern day aliens/supernatural/conspiracy game from Eden Studios. In this game, all humans have psychic potential, but due to lack of control, psychic energy "seeps" out constantly. This "seepage" is a semi-sentient mass of psychic energy, moulded by the beliefs and fears of the human race. Seepage then pools at sites with a supernatural or religious significance - Stonehenge, Vatican City or the spooky old house on the corner. Humans can be corrupted by the seepage, slowly transforming into a Jungian archetype defined by mass human belief. Magic is the process of channelling seepage with time-consuming rituals to attain a specific effect. A failed ritual can result in the corruption of the participants.

This is the kind of magic system that I believe WFRP needs. If seepage energy is replaced by warp energy, pooling around the polar Chaos gates and in the presence of Warpstone, and magic is the process of channelling this energy, magic takes on a far more coherent and atmospheric shape.

Magic could be easier in high levels of warp energy, but correspondingly more difficult, but safer, in low areas of energy, e.g. on the equator. Failed attempts at casting spells could result in physical mutation, insanity or the accidental summoning of a demon.

This brings an element of danger into spell use, which I feel should always be present. It is often stated that wizards in the Old World are feared, but why? The magic system as it stands gives no reasons for this, other than the disabilities gained by necromancers, demonologists and evil/chaotic wizards. If only these wizards are negatively affected by magic, why are all magicians feared? No, magic should always be dangerous. Wizards, even ostensibly "good" ones, should suffer for their art. Long, difficult rituals could make magic safer, but using magic on the fly could be dangerous.

What I have basically tried to say is that thought is needed on where magic comes from, to make it more, well, magical. Magic is the stuff of raw Chaos and should be treated as such.

Editor (JK): This raises an interesting thought about the illegal use of Warpstone (even by seemingly reputable wizards) to enhance magical potency of spells.

Editor (JF): Much like a magical Viagra I assume. Many of the ideas James raised I like. Some of them may end up being too fussy for my taste, but the correlation between slow magic being safe and fast magic being dangerous is one that I could see myself using. Of course, the face of WFRP Magic will probably change once *Realms of Sorcery* appears.

"Atmosphere of the Old World"

Graham Kinniburgh: I see from recent editorials that you are seeking feedback on a number of topics, so for what it's worth I'll give you my own humble opinions, which are that of a long-term fan of the game. (I recall that I was a runner up in the White Dwarf competition that helped initially promote the game and won a discount off the original hardback rules, so we go back a fair way!)

Perhaps the most interesting of the questions you've raised concerns the possible contents of a 2nd edition of the game. I think that any 2nd edition should fulfil two basic requirements. It should address the concerns and experiences of long term fans who have identified weak areas and seek to improve upon them. (The Magic system springs readily to mind here!) Secondly (and I think, more importantly), it should seek to gain a wider audience - new players can only be of benefit in the long run. With the latter point in mind, any 2nd edition should concentrate on the strong point of the game - the background. I think we would all agree that this is what keeps us hooked, and that it is what sets WFRP apart from AD&D and the like. Anything that gets new players immediately into the atmosphere of the Old World would be of benefit - more scenarios might be one answer... (I think it would be a good idea to have at least one scenario that linked directly to *The Enemy Within* - this would encourage new players to continue exploring the world they find themselves in.)

Any reform of the rules should be made with this emphasis in mind. After the Magic system, my guess would be that the single area in most need of improvement would be the Career system. This provides a perfect opportunity to enhance a new player's knowledge of the game world - each basic Career has the potential to inform the player about the importance of politics, social class, Guilds, Religions etc. etc. within the Empire. A beginning character should have an idea of his place in the scheme of things, and have a rough notion of where he stands on important topics (e.g. the worship of Sigmar in relation to Ulric, or the notion that the peasantry exist to serve the Nobility). The Character Pack had some useful ideas along the lines I'm thinking of - players were able to generate a hometown, among other things. Perhaps the idea could be developed further, by illustrating how a character's origins may have influenced their beliefs...

My own idea would be to have simple templates that can be used as player handouts. These would provide, for example, a brief summary of what is common knowledge to the average citizen of the Empire or the beliefs and prejudices held by a particular Religion or Race. With a few brief notes any new player would be ready to have his character interact with the Old World at large, and it would immediately illustrate the difference between WFRP and any old bog standard 'fantasy' world. Anyway, just a suggestion...

"Mutant Spikies from Spurgle"

Robert Jane: In Warpstone you often talk divergence between WFB and WFRP, well I became disillusioned with White Dwarf about 6 years ago having purchased it from issue one. I was becoming fed up with a company I had supported through the early days, link ups with Ral-Partha, the first tentative releases of their own figures, the board games, the first edition of WFB. Then came the emergence of a new adult role-playing game (and I don't mean "Judge Dredd") WFRP was brilliant, gothic, dark, just what a young goth like

Then it started to change, along came the new corporate image, slow at first but soon to become Games Workshop the Microsoft of gaming. I must add here and now that the marketing was spot on, and they are now a successful multi-national that employs a lot of people, and brings untold wealth to the exchequer. Good for them, they never forced anyone to part with their dosh for the 15th edition of “Mutant Spikies from Spurgle”, and a lot of what they print is actually quite brilliant. But (there is as always a but) why did they have to discard the loyal following that had supported them through the early years. WFB II was a fine set of rules but thereafter each successive set was dumbed down to a lower

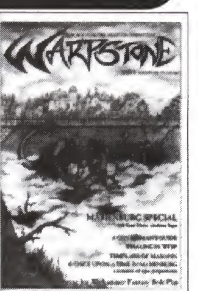
For my tuppence worth, let WFRP and WFB separate, they cater for two diverging markets WFRP cannot harm GW if it is allowed to follow its own destiny, but I fear for its future in a sanitised Workshop world.

Toby Pilling: I can see, John, that you're not a gambling man. If you were, you would have noticed that the betting odds on the cockfighting at the Saldderbeam in your scenario 'Once Upon a Time in Marienburg' contravene the first law of bookmaking:

I hasten to add that I offer this pearl of wisdom not from my own gambling experiences. That is one vice at least I am innocent of. No, it is my own girlfriend, a manager of a bookies herself, who has imparted to me knowledge I have on gambling and gamblers. Her verdict? "They're all mugs."

Editor (JF): Err...!

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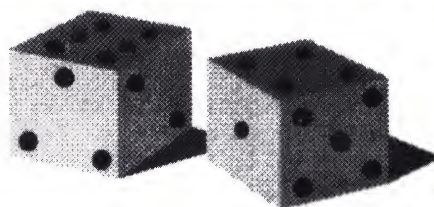
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Those who practice magic in the Old World are respected and held in awe, but they are also feared. The authorities of the Empire recognise the need for Wizards in their armies, but do not trust them any more than is absolutely necessary; all Wizards must be licensed and those who do not must keep a low profile. Even a licensed Wizard can find himself facing an angry lynch-mob in a small village, should he happens to show his power at a time when plague or crop blight has struck.

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